

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθείων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

VOL. 5.

MAY, 1888.

No. 5.

## Staccato.

At a charity concert recently given in Rouen, the programme contained, among other items, the March out of "Tannhäuser." Before the performance took place, however, the mayor sent for the promoter of the concert, and ordered him to strike out the march and play something "French" instead.

THE Germans are highly scornful at this instance of narrow-mindedness, but it may almost be matched by an incident which took place at Dresden a week or two ago. A grand concert was given for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent inundations, in the course of which the baritone, Herr Bulss, gave a magnificent rendering of Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

THE next day the musical critic of the principal Dresden paper commented severely upon the singer's injudiciousness and want of taste in the choice of such a song, in view of the present relations between Germany and France.

THERE is a very strong feeling in Germany just now against England, in consequence of the supposition that our Government supported the project of the Battenberg marriage. Does not true patriotism demand that all idea of holding the Handel Festival should at once be given up? Let it not be forgotten that Handel was a German.

A VIOLIN made of earthenware has lately been subjected to a scientific examination in Breslau. The foundation material is a thick brown earth, with a thin covering of fine white clay, which seems to take the place of varnish. The instrument was baked in a mould.

THE maker claims for his violin very superior qualities of tone, but the committee decided that the tone was very unequal, the lower notes being nasal, while the higher ones were scarcely to be distinguished from those of a wooden violin.

ON the 14th of February the following curious ceremony took place in Genoa. In the presence of the Mayor of Genoa, the cabinet containing Paganini's famous violin was opened, and the violinist Sivori, Paganini's pupil, played some pieces upon the instrument in order to prove that it was in good preservation.

THIS violin is generally believed to be a Stradivarius, but it is now asserted, on good authority, to be a Guarnerius, dated 1743, which was presented to Paganini in 1820 by a French merchant.

ACCORDING to intelligence received from Madrid, Patti's success in the Spanish capital was not so unconditional as reported in the foreign papers. There were even people who remarked that she was not the nightingale of twenty years ago, and that they could not be expected to go into raptures over the pleasure she afforded to a previous generation.

A MUSIC BOURSE has been started at Berlin for the purposes of buying, selling, and exchanging second-hand music. This institution is said to have already become very popular, and to include among its members natives of all parts of Germany, and even foreigners. The subscription is one shilling a quarter.

WHY should not something of the kind be started in London? It would be especially useful to amateur choral and orchestral societies. The quotations from such a market would give a very good idea of the state of musical feeling in the country, as, for instance:—"Wagners, lively; Beethovens, flat; Offenbachs, very brisk; Mendelssohns, depressed," etc.

VON BÜLOW has announced his intention of giving Beethoven's 9th Symphony at Berlin in the same manner as at Meiningen, that is, twice at the same concert, with half-an-hour's pause between the two performances. It is to be hoped that he will engage a double quartet of singers, since the vocal part is trying enough, even when only sung once.

THE directors of the Musikschule at Nürnberg have hit upon a new idea for a historical concert. At a performance given recently by the pupils, the programme consisted exclusively of waltzes, beginning with one composed in the early part of the last century, and including examples by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, and, of course, Lanner and Strauss.

WHAT a prospect is in store for the inhabitants of Cabul! The Ameer has sent to England for two hundred bagpipes, but no pipers are mentioned. The bagpipes are trying to English ears even when played by the best of pipers; but what will the Afghans make of them?

NOT long ago a paragraph appeared in a Leipzig paper to the effect that a Wagner Congress would shortly be held in Mayence. The Wagner enthusiasts were naturally all agog to hear more particulars about this interesting event. In the end, however, it turned out that although the paragraph had appeared under the heading of musical and theatrical news, it only related to a congress of cart and wheel wrights. The mistake was very natural; the name was the same, and both kinds of Wagner make a good deal of noise.

## Musical life in London.

THE Popular Concerts came to a brilliant close on Monday, March 26, and Madame Schumann was supposed by some to make a farewell appearance; but not formally. For our own part, we dislike to say farewell. "If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Meanwhile the great artist seemed less fatigued by her feats on the pianoforte, than by the frequent recalls which an inconsiderate though appreciative public demanded. She played her husband's Carnival as only she can interpret it, bringing out its various impulses of fancy, and of real passion and deep tenderness, with wonderful power. The concert commenced with Brahms' Sextet in B flat, delightfully played, the scherzo enchanting the audience as usual. Lisa Lehmann sang twice with her accustomed grace. Fanny Davies played with Piatti Boccherini's Sonata in A major; and afterwards accompanied Herr Joachim and Madame Neruda's fine performance of Bach's Concerto in D minor. Madame Neruda's method and demeanour contrasted more strongly than ever with Joachim's kingly repose and mastery; she was almost too dazzlingly brilliant and agile. It is a rare treat, however, to listen to two such artists. Mdlle. Janotha played the accompaniment to Joachim's Hungarian dances.

THE Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace, March 24, was chiefly noticeable for three orchestral works; the last in order being the first in beauty,—Beethoven's 4th Symphony in B flat, the most perfect specimen of his rare moods of gaiety and exhilaration. The others were Wagner's Trauermarsch from the "Götterdämmerung;" and Wingham's concert overture No. 4, the score of which is headed by Gray's lines—

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
White proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim, the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm;

delightfully illustrated by the music, and given with admirable spirit by Mr. Manns' splendid orchestra. Madame Norman Neruda played in a concerto by Viotti; and Miss Anna Russell sang songs by Weber and Mendelssohn. On the 7th ult. the overture was from Weber's "Oberon." Herr Wessely played for the first time at these concerts. The works chosen were a very beautiful concerto by Spohr, the 7th, full of sweetness and grace, and a fantasia by Wieniawski on airs from Gounod's "Faust." Herr Wessely is a brilliant violinist. After Joachim, his tone wants breadth, but it is remarkably silvery in the high register, clear and fine like "the horns of Elfdand." Dvorák's

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Symphony in F was given for the first time in England. The performance was magnificent. The slow movement is very beautiful—the scherzo and finale most wild and fascinating—the first movement is interesting but rather unintelligible. Madame Valleria was the singer, and the last piece played was Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," whose gigantic strains echoed in our ears long after the musicians had departed and the crowd dispersed.

The last concert of the winter season at the Crystal Palace took place on the 14th ult., and consisted solely of Berlioz' "Faust," the first time of its performance there. The playing was most brilliant, and, like the music, highly dramatic. The chorus singing was not quite equal, but considering the difficulties of the work, which was only in rehearsal for a month, it was worthy of much praise. The first part of the work is most beautiful, and the spirited Hungarian march, splendidly played, excited the greatest enthusiasm in the crowded audience. The Easter Hymn, with its singularly effective and graphic accompaniment, caused another burst of applause, as did also the graceful chorus and ballet of Sylphs. Mr. Lloyd was unable to sing, and his part (of Faust) was taken by Mr. Banks. The other soloists were Madame Nordica, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. R. Hilton.

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EASTER music was abundant as usual. Bach's Passion music at St. Paul's on the 27th March, Gounod's "Redemption" on the 28th, and the yearly Good Friday Sacred Concerts, at the Crystal Palace in the morning, and the Albert and St. James's Halls at night. At St. Paul's the audience was unusually large. Dr. Stainer conducted, and Dr. Martin, his newly appointed successor, presided at the organ. Some of the solos were sung by several boys in unison. Gounod's "Redemption" also attracted an exceptionally large audience. It was the last Novello concert of the season. The performance was admirable, Mr. Edward Lloyd being in particularly fine voice, and Madame Patey excellent in the air, "While my watch I am keeping," and the choir and orchestra at their best. Mr. Plunket Greene made a good first appearance.

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GOOD FRIDAY at the Palace is a day for people who do not mind crowding, and for those who have excellent reserved seats for the concert. To all others we should say, "Stay away." But for these there is a rare treat provided every year. The best of music and the best of interpreters, a noble organ and a first-rate conductor, and last, but not least, the opportunity given to the audience of letting out their own voices and feelings in that vast area: what a programme! Mr. Manns himself is a picture, as, turning his back on the orchestra, he wields his bâton for the amateur chorus of 20,000 voices, to the strains of the "Old Hundredth," "Abide with me," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc. There were nearly 31,000 persons in the Palace. At the Albert Hall, the Prince and Princess of Wales and family were present at the performance of the "Messiah," by Mr. Barnby's choir. The audience numbered about 10,000. The soloists were Madame Nordica and Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Watkin Mills. St. James's Hall was full to overflowing on the same evening—the music performed including Rossini's "Stabat Mater," followed by a miscellaneous concert. The singers were Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, and the South London Choral Association,—the ladies dressed in white with black ribbons and gloves. Two thousand per-

sons were turned away at the doors. These concerts have much to do with the hearty affection felt by the English people towards our great English singers; and the passionate enthusiasm for some of the great songs they sing, whether sacred, sentimental, or comic.

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A VERY different sort of concert, as to the style of the music, was given at the Albert Hall on Easter Monday, the 2nd ult. But there again the hearty fondness of the people for their favourite songs and singers was conspicuous. Sitting with us was an Australian church dignitary, a gentleman who had never been "home" before. We asked him what he thought of the sight from our box on the loggia, before the singing began; and his reply will be understood by some: "Well, to me, the sight is almost appalling!" However, our friend thoroughly enjoyed the music; the Coldstream Band, Mr. Carter's choir, the youthful Nikita, with her wonderful voice and excellent training, the splendid resonant voice of Antoinette Sterling and Barrington Foote, and their capital telling songs, and the astonishing power and skill still possessed, after fifty years of singing, by Mr. Sims Reeves, the greatest English tenor of the century. We have heard the "Lost Chord" exquisitely rendered by the Albert Hall organ, under skilful fingers; but we must protest against its use when the human voice (as distinguished from the *vox humana*) is giving utterance to that beautiful song. Even Madame Antoinette Sterling's voice was drowned in the climax of the "Grand Amen."

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THE Philharmonic Concerts recommenced in March. At the first concert Madame Schumann played with orchestra for the only time this season; and every seat was sold out beforehand. She chose Chopin's Concerto in F minor, and gave the slow movement with unprecedented delicacy and poetical feeling. The second concert was specialized by the appearance of the celebrated Russian composer and maestro, M. Pierre Tschaiouky, who conducted two of his own pieces—a serenade for stringed orchestra, and the finale to a suite consisting of a Slav air and variations. The music is strongly nationalistic, and found great favour with the audience.

Mr. Cowen conducted a fine performance of an early written, but recently published symphony by Haydn. Mr. Ondricek gave Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in brilliant style, and Miss Eleanor Rees was the singer.

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WE begin our account of the month's music with the oldest and most venerated of our pianists, and we close with mentioning the youngest, who has already won considerable reputation although only eleven years of age. Like little Josef Hofmann, Otto Hegner draws crowded audiences, not wholly moved by musical considerations, seeing that curiosity and fashion are powerful factors. The child's proficiency is wonderful for his years, but the chief promise of his playing is the deep musical feeling it evinces, a feeling which ought to be cherished with the utmost care, lest the sacred fire be dimmed and impoverished by self-consciousness or display. Unfortunately, the tendency of the time is of the forcing order; and, worse still, talent is too frequently regarded merely as a means of producing cash. We can only hope the friends of little Otto Hegner will deal wisely with him during the next few important years of his life.

## Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

### INTRODUCTION.

TO be an impresario, you must be a born artist and an enthusiast; at least this is the opinion of Maurice Strakosch. Maurice Strakosch first saw the light of day in a little Moravian village, and made his debut as a prodigy at eleven years of age in a concert given at Brünn, where he performed on the piano a concerto by Hummel. At that time Hummel shared with Moscheles and Henri Herz the first place in the musical world; in fact, in ability and reputation we may regard him as the predecessor of Liszt.

The triumph of young Strakosch at Brünn was so complete that he was led to embrace an artistic career; much, however, against the will of his father, who, as so often happens, did not believe in his son's vocation. For some years the young prodigy kept travelling about all over Germany in a continuous round of triumph. At Vienna he studied composition under Sechter, the most celebrated professor of those times, the teacher of Thalberg and Vieuxtemps. Meanwhile the child had grown into a young man who had visions of other triumphs than those of a pianist, however brilliant. Maurice Strakosch longed for the glories of the operatic stage; he aspired to become a tenor!

From the director of the Opera House at Agram he obtained an engagement which was indeed the realization of his fondest desires, but which, from a pecuniary point of view, hardly promised a very brilliant future. The Agram tenor received thirty francs a month, and the star of the company was happy with a monthly salary of a hundred francs. Slightly different from the salaries artists can get now-a-days!

Moderate, or more than moderate, as were the director's expenses, he was unable to make both ends meet; and as there was a constantly increasing balance on the wrong side, he at last found it necessary to cut down the emoluments of his artists one-third!

Maurice Strakosch thought it was time to leave Agram, but still he did not give up his pet idea, and he now resolved to go to Italy to perfect himself in the art of singing.

He was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Madame Pasta. Pasta was then about fifty years of age; her beauty had gone, but her face still bore the stamp of her natural goodness of heart.

Madame Juditta Pasta, for whom Bellini wrote "La Sonnambula" and "Norma," had retired from the stage. She was living in a princely mansion on the shore of Lake Como, and occupied herself in giving lessons in singing. Her lessons were gratuitous, and she acted towards her pupils in a manner which is certainly not much in vogue at the present day. If there were any girls among their number who were not likely to make a success on the stage, Pasta settled dowries on them! This was one way of preventing them from following a career in which nothing but disappointment awaited them. When Maurice Strakosch presented himself, letter in hand, at the house of Madame Pasta, he was conducted by a servant to the garden,

\* We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to this most interesting work, which is now for the first time published in English. It will be remembered that we reviewed the original French edition in our issue for July 1887.—En.



where a woman, dressed like a peasant, was busily engaged in pulling up the weeds.

"I beg your pardon," said Strakosch to the woman, who did not appear to notice the stranger; "can I see Madame Pasta?"

"Easily," replied she, "if I turn round."

It was indeed Madame Pasta herself, whose chief delight, when lessons were over, was to attend to her garden.

Madame Pasta welcomed the newcomer with her usual good nature; she listened to his singing, and advised him not to abandon the piano, adding, "Come and live near me; you shall hear me give lessons, and you will then understand what is the great art of singing—the great art of Italian singing—which, by the way, seems gradually disappearing now."

Madame Pasta had but one rival, Madame Malibran, of whom she never spoke without tears in her eyes, so deep was her admiration for this great artist. Madame Malibran owed more to her genius and inspiration than to study, while Pasta, on the contrary, had to learn everything; she laboured for five years to acquire the trill, which she did not possess by nature, and which her masters thought she never would attain. She, however, reached perfection in this delightful ornament of singing.

Maurice Strakosch understood the value of advice given by so high an authority; he also eagerly accepted Madame Pasta's proposition, and remained three years with her, studying the science which enabled him in his turn to form such a pupil as Madame Adelina Patti.

When Maurice Strakosch's education in the art of vocalization was completed, he abandoned, not without regret, his idea of operatic singing; and in his quality of pianist, he travelled first in Italy, and afterwards throughout Europe.

He was in Paris in February 1848, when the Revolution broke out. In the midst of the general disorder which ensued, there was no room for an artist to exercise his talent, for politics and music accord ill. Under these circumstances, Strakosch determined to make a fresh start in America; and from this period dates his career as an impresario who stands in the front rank of his profession. It is well to bear in mind here that an impresario is not a *Barnum*. A *Barnum* seeks, and his successors will imitate him in seeking, marvels or novelties of every kind, provided only that they are profitable: whether an elephant, or the Siamese twins, it is all one to the showman. The impresario, on the contrary, seeks only the discovery of artists, and the production of artistic work; of course, he does not neglect the material side of his enterprise, but generally places the honour of art before the profit. Thus Maurice Strakosch considered it the brightest gem in his crown, that he had been for ten years the sole professor and impresario of Adelina Patti.

When he arrived in New York, Salvatore Patti occupied the post of director of the Italian Theatre, with very indifferent success.

Strakosch had met Salvatore Patti in 1843, at Vicenza, where at a concert given by him one of the singers was Clotide Barilli, whose

father, a distinguished composer, was the first husband of Madame Salvatore Patti.

In order to assist the company at the Italian Opera in New York, Strakosch engaged them for a festival, which took place there on the 2nd October 1848. The success of this concert was immense, and at its close the new impresario entered into negotiations with Mdle. Amalia Patti, the sister of Adelina, who was then only six years old.

In company with Mdle. Parodi (the favourite pupil of Madame Pasta) and Mdle. Amalia Patti, who were both idols of the American public, Strakosch visited the various American cities, and at the end of a two years' tour, married Mdle. Amalia Patti, thus becoming brother-in-law to Adelina, who remained under



MADAME PASTA.

his care until she married the Marquis de Caux.

Biographical notices of Adelina Patti are very numerous, and in many instances very incorrect. M. Strakosch is undoubtedly well qualified to rectify erroneous details which form a kind of legend around the name of this justly renowned artist. In the succeeding chapters he will enlighten the reader upon the origin of one of the most dazzling artistic careers of the nineteenth century.

## CHAPTER I.

ONE may say without exaggeration that Adelina Patti was born on the stage.

Her mother was singing as Norma in Madrid; and a few hours after the opera was over, the voice of a newly-born infant was heard in the dressing-room of Madame Salvatore Patti,—a voice which was destined to stir the emotions of the world! Incredible as it may appear, it

is, nevertheless, true that at six years of age the little Adelina sang with nearly faultless execution the most difficult *aria* in all the operas she had heard interpreted by such artists as Jenny Lind, Bosios, Sontag, Albani, Frezzolini, Piccolomini, and Parepa-Rosa.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the effect of such singing upon the soul of so impressionable a child.

Signora Paravelli, a friend of the family, gave Adelina her first lessons in reading; and being a good singer and player, she taught the child to sing while she accompanied her on the pianoforte.

When I returned from my American tour, Salvatore Patti had been succeeded in the management of the Italian Opera by the clever Director Max Maretzek, who, at a concert given in New York for a charitable object, brought out the little Adelina for the first time in public, she being then eight years old. She sang on this occasion the Rondo from "La Sonnambula," and the "Echo Song" of Jenny Lind. The child produced an unprecedented sensation, and took rank at once with the celebrities who surrounded her.

Adelina travelled with me for three years, starting from Baltimore, where she inaugurated this prolonged concert tour. The price of admission to the concerts was fixed at fifty cents. For the first, only 100 tickets were purchased; for the second, 300; at the sixth the maximum was attained, and 2000 persons crowded into the hall each evening, eager to applaud the little prodigy.

In this city of Baltimore, I met and joined the Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, an improvisatore and virtuoso of the Paganini type.

Adelina was not always easy to manage; though she loved to sing, she by no means despised the pleasures of childhood; and spent the greater part of her time in play with the children whom she met in our hotel life. She had often to be called from play, in order to practise the scales and exercises, which I was very careful she should not neglect. Like other great artists, Adelina had whims which we were obliged to humour, for she would never yield either to force or persuasion. One day in Cincinnati, she had asked me for a doll, which I had forgotten to procure; and, consequently, when the hour for the concert arrived, Adelina refused to sing unless she had the doll. The hall was full, the audience impatient; but nothing could move Adelina, and I was compelled to go out and buy the doll. When I gave her the coveted toy, she wiped away her tears, sprang on the stage, doll in hand, and sang in such a manner as to excite the audience to the highest enthusiasm.

Adelina was no less high-spirited than wilful. She had a pronounced taste for champagne; and one day, Ole Bull, who always sat next to her at table, ventured to refuse to pass the wine. Any other child would have cried, but Adelina expressed her displeasure by slapping the astonished violinist in the face with her slender hand.

I had decided that between the ages of twelve and fifteen she should not sing in public, in order that her marvellous voice might have the



time necessary for its complete formation; but during my absence,—while engaged in writing for Mdle. Parodi the opera of "Jean de Naples," which was performed in New York in 1857,—Gottschalk persuaded Adelina's parents to confide her to him, and took her as a phenomenon to the East Indies for a short concert tour. In 1859, I took the direction of the Italian Opera, New York, when Adelina Patti, now sixteen years of age, made her *début* in the opera of "Lucia." This memorable *début*, which was not a simple success, but a positive triumph, took place on the 24th November 1859, after only one rehearsal with the piano, and one with the orchestra. Muzio, that able maestro, conducted the orchestra upon this occasion.

During her first season, Adelina sang in "Il Barbieri," "La Sonnambula," "Don Pasquale," "I Puritani," "L'Elisir d'Amore," "Martha," "Don Giovanni," "La Traviata," "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Mosé in Egitto," and "Linda di Chamouni."

I had then as prima donnas a galaxy of operatic stars, such as Frezzolini, De la Grange, Cortesi, Gazzaniza, and Colson.

After such an unexpectedly splendid *début*, I destroyed the binding engagement that existed between us. This contract was for five years, and gave me the right to produce Adelina in any country I chose, upon the following conditions:—The first year she was to receive 400 dollars per month; the second year, 600 dollars per month; the third year, 800 dollars per month; the fourth and fifth years, 1000 dollars per month. Two years ago, she received 5000 dollars per *night* in San Francisco.

The agreement we made in place of this contract was never altered while I was her impresario. I gave her one-half of the receipts after paying the general expenses, therefore our association was a mutual benefit.

## CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL OF ADELINA PATTI IN EUROPE—  
STATE OF ITALIAN OPERA IN LONDON—  
DISASTROUS COMPETITION—MR. F. GYE  
AT COVENT GARDEN—AND MR. SMITH AT  
HER MAJESTY'S.

OFFERS for Adelina Patti now came to me from every direction. Her fame had spread so rapidly, that North and South America and Mexico disputed between themselves for the appearance of the new songstress. While at Havanah, *en route* for Mexico, where the people impatiently awaited us, our journey was most inopportunistly arrested by the representations of two young girls at the hotel St. Louis, who told Adelina that they had just returned from Mexico, where they had been attacked and robbed on the road by bandits. The young Diva, startled at this information, refused to continue her journey in that direction; and as I could not induce her to change her mind, I had to change my plans. After singing some time in Havanah, she sailed with me for England, where a first-rate engagement had been made for her at Her Majesty's Theatre.

There were at this time two opera companies in London, and the rivalry between them was so keen that success was impossible to either.

A brief review of the state of operatic affairs in London may here be desirable. Mr. Lumley was director of Her Majesty's Theatre, and his enterprise was supported by an exceptionally powerful troupe, wherein appear the names of Grisi, Persiani, Catherine Hayes, Mario,

Gardoni, Sims Reeves, Tamburini, Lablache, and the celebrated conductor Michael Costa.

According to custom, at the close of the season, Mr. Lumley offered to renew the engagement of his artists for the following year; but, to his great surprise, most of them refused, Lablache and Gardoni alone remaining faithful. Some days later Mr. Lumley discovered that a regular conspiracy had been organized against him and his theatre.

The artists who had deserted him formed themselves into an independent company, and hired the Covent Garden Theatre, which they had decided to open on their own account. Mr. Lumley, however, undaunted by opposition, went to Germany for the purpose of forming a new company; and there he happily met and engaged Jenny Lind, one of the most extraordinary singers of the century. He reopened Her Majesty's, with Jenny Lind, Lablache, Gardoni, the most charming *tenore di grazia* of his time, Salvatori, and Balfe, the celebrated composer, as conductor. At the same time the Covent Garden company commenced their representations, so that, during that year, London possessed two Italian Opera companies, each composed of the most eminent artists who have ever appeared upon any stage. Under the bâton of Michael Costa, Grisi, Viardot, Persiani, Mario, Tamberlik, Marini, Bettini, Ronconi, and others, sang at Covent Garden. Signor Persiani, the instigator of the conspiracy against Mr. Lumley, was director of the new company, which excited unbounded public enthusiasm.

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of this Homeric struggle; suffice it to say that the results were profitable to the public, if disastrous to the managers.

It is said, and not without truth, that money can always be found to start a journal or to open a theatre; and accordingly, at the very moment when danger threatened Covent Garden, through the success of Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's, a wealthy financier came to the rescue. Mr. Delafield was a brewer who had made an immense fortune, and was passionately fond of music. But it needs something more than wealth and artistic feeling to be a successful theatrical manager; and Mr. Delafield unfortunately did not possess administrative capacity. In two seasons, the *dilettante* brewer lost £100,000, and became bankrupt.

Meantime, thanks to the success of Jenny Lind, Mr. Lumley's victory seemed secure; Mr. Delafield's failure would, he thought, close Covent Garden, and Her Majesty's would be the sole temple of music in London. Nothing of the kind; the artists at Covent Garden re-organized their company, and this time placed at their head a man of remarkable managerial ability, Mr. Frederick Gye, who had commenced his career by directing the famous Jullien Concerts, which obtained such immense popularity.

In a few years Mr. Gye succeeded in re-establishing Covent Garden Theatre on a firm basis, transforming that building into the most complete lyric temple that had ever existed, and compelling Mr. Lumley to close the doors of Her Majesty's. Actuated by religious scruples, Jenny Lind left the stage, just when Mr. Lumley most needed her support, and this inopportunist event, of course, precipitated the disaster at Her Majesty's, while it greatly aided the success of Mr. Gye, whom fortune seemed to favour. He had become director at Covent Garden, and managed its affairs at his own risk. History repeats itself, and a reverse now befell him similar to that which Mr. Lumley had experienced. Mario and Grisi left him, and joined a company with which Mr. Smith was

preparing to reopen Her Majesty's. Although Mr. Smith was not so rich as Mr. Delafield, he possessed similar incapacity for theatrical management; but he managed to withdraw very cleverly from his situation, when it became untenable, by accepting the overtures privately made to him by Mr. Gye, who had determined to leave no stone unturned to annihilate all competition. Mr. Smith received from Mr. Gye £4000, on condition that he should not open his season at Her Majesty's. Another condition was that the public and the artists should be kept in total ignorance of the state of things until the moment arrived when Mr. Smith's programme should be published. Then, instead of the expected programme, this dexterous but unconscientious director announced that Her Majesty's Theatre would not reopen; and all the artists whom he had engaged found themselves without employment. Among them were Grisi, Mario, and Adelina Patti, whose salary had been fixed at £500 per month by a contract between myself and Mr. Smith's agent in America; and who, after crossing the Atlantic to make her *début* at Her Majesty's, found its portals closed.

## CHAPTER III.

F. GYE MANAGER OF COVENT GARDEN—  
DEBUT OF ADELINA PATTI—HER FIRST  
SALARIES.

MR. FREDERICK GYE may be held up as a model director. He was a little rough in manner, and very autocratic, but always true to his word, which was as good as his bond. While recognising artistic merit, he also took care to balance his accounts; and he did not fall into the error, which has since become so common, both in Paris and in London, of paying fabulous sums to the stars,—a system which has been ruinous to Italian Opera, and the origin of all the difficulties with which it is now struggling.

It is right, of course, that talent should be remunerated, but not to such an extent as to render the success of an enterprise impossible. No doubt a single star will attract the public; but she ought to be surrounded by others, to ensure a harmonious *ensemble*, failing which it would be better to resort to concert tours, which are now undertaken by many great artists.

Mr. Gye considered that the practice common to managers of thus putting up to auction the gifts of the singers, would be fatal to Italian Opera; and he was not mistaken. Are we then to sing the *De Profundis* over Opera? Not at all. It is simply necessary that tenors and prima donnas should moderate their demands, so as to help and not hinder the efforts of managers, who after all contribute most largely to their fame and fortune.

Italian Opera is not dead, it is only under a temporary cloud. Italy has many young composers and artists, and there is no cause to despair for the future, if only these artists will accept fair and reasonable terms, by which directors may realize honourable profits, instead of feeling the sword of Damocles ever hanging over them, in the form of impending bankruptcy.

As it was out of the question for Adelina Patti to make her *début* at Her Majesty's, I called upon Mr. Gye instead of bringing an action against Mr. Smith; hoping to make arrangements for her to sing at Covent Garden. Mr. Gye, however, flatly refused, saying, "I have in my company the first artists in the world; how can a child of sixteen or seventeen years compete with such singers, for instance,



as Grisi and Carvalho? Then, who is this girl Patti, and where does she come from? From America! America has no singers! I have never heard of Adélina Patti." In short, he would not hear of her as a *débutante* at his theatre. But I was determined that she *should* appear at Covent Garden in spite of Mr. Gye's refusal; for I had made up my mind not to return to America until she had achieved as great a conquest in England as on the other side of the Atlantic. I felt certain of her future success; and although Mr. Gye was at first so indisposed to run any risk, he afterwards made me this proposition:

Mdlle. Patti should sing three times at Covent Garden at intervals of fifteen days. She would not be paid for these performances, but if she succeeded, she would be engaged for five years and sing twice a week, on the following terms:—£150 per month for the first year; £200 per month for the second; £250 for the third; £290 for the fourth; and £400 for the fifth. I accepted this proposition. The agreement was signed before Mdlle. Patti sang, with the understanding that it would only be valid if Mr. Gye was satisfied.

Although her appearance at Covent Garden was a complete success, and the enthusiasm she created was unbounded, Mr. Gye maintained his contract till the expiration of its terms, making but one concession, namely, the payment to Adélina of £100 for each appearance above the two per week mentioned in the agreement.

Up to the day of her marriage with the Marquis de Caux, Adélina Patti never received more than £120 a night from Mr. Gye. Mario and Grisi, when at the height of their fame, never received more than £50 each night; and upon Grisi, then nearly sixty years of age, Mr. Gye imposed a curious condition. She was engaged for three years, at the expiration of which she was forbidden, under a penalty of £10,000, to appear upon any stage. Grisi, whose long and brilliant career was thus closed, felt a not unnatural jealousy, and it was long before she would recognise Adélina's talents. She was present at one of the rising star's first appearances, and, overcome with jealous rage, she exclaimed aloud, "What is there to applaud?" little thinking that I was seated in the next box, laughing at her angry outburst.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MR. MAPLESON AT HER MAJESTY'S—MR. ERNEST GYE AT COVENT GARDEN.

*A propos* of Italian Opera in London, I must mention Mr. Gye's most formidable rival, Colonel Mapleson, who so courageously undertook the management of Her Majesty's Theatre after Mr. Smith's failure. Mr. Mapleson ought to have been a singer, having a fine baritone voice and other qualifications for an artistic career, but his inclinations did not lead in that direction.

Madame Titiens, whose name will ever be remembered as an idol of the British public, most ably seconded Mr. Mapleson's enterprise. He was also supported by Messrs. Tamberlik and Giuliani, as tenors; Faure, the great French baritone; and Mdlles. Etelka Gerster, Marimon, and Ilma de Murska, all eminent prima donnas. Signor Arditi, as the conductor, did his best to aid Colonel Mapleson, with whom he has nearly always remained.

Her Majesty's Theatre is difficult to manage on account of the demands made by the owners of the building, who reserve the right to hold

ten boxes, and more than twenty seats, representing a daily loss of £40 to the manager.

Although Colonel Mapleson did not achieve a complete triumph, yet he considerably weakened the rival forces by persuading Sir Michael Costa to leave Covent Garden. Mr. Gye, remembering the success of his overtures to Mr. Smith, tried the same plan with Mr. Mapleson, but with only partial success, as the latter stipulated that he should become a partner in the management of Covent Garden before he would close the doors of Her Majesty's. This plan, being adopted, resulted in a most successful season, wherein a profit of £30,000 was realized; yet the two directors were not satisfied, each of them desiring supremacy; and the partnership was dissolved at the end of the first year.

Mr. Mapleson was the first to produce "Faust" in London, with Madame Titiens as Marguerite. He also produced Cherubini's "Medea," Balfe's "Talisman," Boïto's "Méphistophèle," and "Carmen" by Bizet, the French composer, for whom so brilliant a future seemed opening, when it was prematurely closed by his death.

The London public is indebted to Colonel Mapleson for the first appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson, the most formidable rival of Adélina Patti.

Colonel Mapleson, unlike Mr. F. Gye, was extremely bland in manner, especially when dealing with a pressing creditor, who frequently found himself compelled to accept good words instead of hard cash. Mr. Mapleson's fall has often been predicted, but never verified. It was impossible to be angry with a man who knew so thoroughly how to turn away wrath with a soft answer. He never refused to pay a debt, but when, as often happened, his purse was empty, he would excuse himself without exciting the least suspicion as to the state of his finances.

On one occasion he owed a large sum which he had promised to pay within twenty-four hours: the creditor, not having received the money, became urgent, and went himself to the manager to demand payment.

"What!" exclaimed Mapleson, "did you not receive my cheque this morning? I gave the order to my cashier to send it to you yesterday."

So saying, he called his messenger, and, after giving him a violent reprimand, sent him away, murmuring some unintelligible excuses, to find the cashier.

The cashier appears. "Bring me my cheque-book," says the colonel, "that I may repair your error at once."

During his absence, Mr. Mapleson chats with the creditor, and describes to him the various difficulties of theatrical management; the artists are never satisfied; the public is increasingly hard to please; and from morning to evening the unfortunate manager has no respite from incessant work. The conversation takes an amicable turn, in the midst of which the cashier reappears looking worried,—he cannot find the key of the safe; perhaps the colonel has it in his pocket or desk. Pockets are turned out, piles of papers are examined; no key. At this point the messenger enters with three or four visiting cards, which he places in the colonel's hands. He has made appointments with these persons, and cannot keep them waiting.

"The key will turn up when we are not looking for it, and you shall have the money tomorrow." Thus Mr. Mapleson dismisses his creditor, having quelled his wrath, even though the little comedy has not deceived him, but simply impressed him with admiration for the ready resource of the manager.

After the death of Mr. F. Gye, and in consequence of circumstances to which I will presently refer, Mr. Mapleson left Her Majesty's and went to America. There he was sometimes successful, sometimes the reverse; but always before

the public, and travelling with a company numbering above 300. He was able at last to pay Madame Patti, whom he took as far as California, the sum of £1000 per night. And so far from impoverishing himself by this gigantic speculation, which no one else would have conceived, he re-established the state of his finances.

Mr. Mapleson has a son, Mr. Henry Mapleson, affable and gentlemanly as his father, and, like him, colonel of a volunteer corps. He married the charming Marie Roze, who, with Capoul, performed "Le premier jour de Bonheur" at the Opéra-Comique in Paris. Since her marriage she has adopted an English career, and is at present the principal star of Carl Rosa's Company. She has contributed largely to the success of this able impresario, whose representations of English opera have acquired such celebrity in London and the provinces.

Mr. F. Gye, who was accidentally killed in the hunting-field, had always wished to form a financial company to carry on Covent Garden Theatre, and to purchase Her Majesty's Theatre, so that there should be but one Italian Opera House in London. His sons, Ernest and Herbert Gye, put their father's idea in execution; Mr. Ernest Gye being director of this company, to which Mr. Mapleson transferred his rights at Her Majesty's Theatre. Competition being now suppressed, and an honest man at the head of affairs, with Signor Tagliafico as an assistant manager, who possessed a thorough knowledge of *mise en scène*, having been brought up in the school of Augustus Harris, there was reasonable ground for hope that the success of the enterprise would be solid and lasting. Mr. Ernest Gye always played high, and if he lost, it was not because he did not hold many trump cards, but because he was ignorant of the true qualifications for a successful impresario.

He could count upon the support of Adélina Patti, Albani, Marie Durand, Marcella Sembrich, Pauline Lucca, Scalchi, Trebelli, Heilbron, Messieurs Gayarré, Mierzwinski, Marconi, Lassalle, Devoyod, V. Maurel, Gailhard, and the brothers De Reszke—in short, a perfect galaxy of talent was at his command. At the head of an orchestra containing more than eighty instrumentalists, were three musicians of high merit and reputation. During Ernest Gye's management of Covent Garden he mounted, with the utmost care and magnificence of detail, the following operas:—

"Le Démon," by Rubinstein, where Lassalle's fine baritone voice did such good service.

"Le Roi de Lahore," another triumph for Lassalle.

"Sigrid," the chef d'œuvre of Reyer.

"Velléda," by Lenepveu, a work which has not met with the success it deserves, though it contains beauties of the first order, and reveals a composer from whom we may hope much in the future. Madame Patti was so much pleased with this opera that she offered to create the principal rôle.

"Les Bluets," by J. Cohen, a charming work, formerly brought out with much success on the lyric stage by Madame Nilsson.

"La Gioconda," by Ponchielli, by whose death Italy has lost one of her greatest composers.

And now let us see the result of all these combined attractions of music and artists. Failure! The Covent Garden Company had to wind up its affairs; it failed, not from indifference on the part of the public, which responded promptly to the appeal of the manager; but because the expenses always exceeded the receipts. A theatre will not contain more than a fixed number of auditors. To meet the enormous salaries of the artists, one would have at the same time to enlarge the place in which they sing, a feat which no architect has yet attempted; in a word, you cannot obtain a larger audience than your building will hold.

If Mr. E. Gye had perceived the significance of this fact, and had not ventured to struggle against impossibilities, we should not now be compelled to witness the transformation of this temple of music into a circus. The laughter of the clown and the crack of the whip have succeeded to the melodious voices of Grisi, Patti, and Albani, a change which we may well mourn.

(To be continued.)



## Musical Life in Dresden.

II.



HOF KIRCHE, DRESDEN.

LAST month, under the heading of "Musical Life in Dresden," I dealt almost exclusively with the opera, which is always the most important institution, musically speaking, in a German town. This month I propose to speak of the concerts, which, during the winter and early spring, take place at the rate of two or three a night, and of the musical services in the Roman and Lutheran churches.

With the former I can only deal in general terms, since were I to attempt to describe any of these entertainments in detail, it would be difficult to know where to begin, and quite impossible ever to leave off.

The most important of the Dresden concerts are the old-established "Sinfonie Concerte," given by the members of the famous Hof Kapelle. Six performances take place during the winter, and at each the programme contains, besides other items, two whole symphonies. It is not always easy to obtain places for these concerts, since all the musical enthusiasts who can afford them have *abonnement* tickets, which, it is popularly said, descend from father to son.

Within the last year or two another series of orchestral concerts has been started by Herr Nicodé, a well-known Dresden pianist, under the name of Philharmonic Concerts, and these, too, have met with well-deserved success.

To the English visitor, perhaps the most enjoyable of these musical entertainments are the so-called *artiste-concerts*, which take place in overwhelming numbers from the beginning of winter down to the end of Lent. Concert tours are very favourite speculations in Germany, and, judging from the crowded audiences who welcome every popular singer or instrumentalist, they must answer exceedingly well. The fact is, that though the Germans are fond of railing at English wealth and English extravagance, they spend a far larger amount upon amusement, in proportion to their incomes, than do we. A German music-loving family, belonging to the upper middle-class, considers it nothing short of a work of necessity to see every new opera that is brought out, to say nothing of every old one that is revived, and to hear each *artiste* of any note who visits their native town.

The consequence is that a German family pays a dozen visits to the theatre or concert-hall, where an English family in the same rank of life would pay one.

Jean Paul has said that "Art is not indeed the bread, but the wine of life." As far as the art of music is concerned, his countrymen practically disagree with him. To them music is quite as necessary as their bread, almost as much so as their beer.

But to return to our consideration of the Dresden concerts. It may safely be asserted that there is scarcely a celebrity of any note in the German musical world, who does not find his way from time to time to the Saxon capital, and he seldom has cause to complain of his reception. Fortunately, pianoforte recitals, pure and simple, are going out of fashion in the Fatherland, although we continue to be afflicted by them in London. The Germans, who, perhaps beyond all other nations, understand the art of amusing themselves, have at last discovered that an unrelieved pianoforte recital, unless the player be a Rubinstein or a Menter, is nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit.

It has been said that music-lovers may be divided into two classes,—the first consisting of those who prefer instrumental music, the second of those to whom vocal music appeals the most. I am afraid I must confess to belonging to the latter class, although I know it is looked upon with profound contempt by the former. Having made my confession, however, I may remark that, from my point of view, the "Lieder-Abend" is one of the pleasantest forms of musical entertainment. The *Lieder-Abend* begins at seven, and is over by half-past eight. The concert-giver is usually some "shooting-star" from one or other of the principal German theatres, assisted by an instrumentalist of the first rank. The programme generally includes *Lieder* by Schubert and Schumann, and by such modern composers as Brahms, Rubinstein, Lassen, etc. The German singer, so often disappointing in opera, is always heard at his best in the songs of his own country. The German *Lied*, generally so short and apparently simple in construction, needs for its effective rendering, not so much great compass of voice and powers of execution, as dramatic expression,

self-forgiveness, and "Sehnsucht," and in these latter qualities lies the strength of the German singer.

I have often wondered that no enterprising impresario has introduced the *Lieder-Abend* into London, where at the present time we hear the finest singers and the worst vocal music in the world. What we urgently need are weekly concerts which shall bear the same relation towards classical vocal music that the "Popular" and "Symphony" concerts bear towards classical instrumental music. Fancy hearing our great English singers every week in the songs of the best German, Italian, and French composers, instead of in those English ballads which are to the ear what chalk sugar-plums are to the palate.

Before leaving the subject of concerts, I must not forget to mention that peculiarly German form of entertainment, the smoking concert. These take place in winter in the *Gewerehaus*, and in summer on the *Brühl'sche Terrasse*, when any amount of smoky music (or is it musical smoke?) may be consumed for prices varying from threepence to sixpence.

To turn to the consideration of the church music. The Dresden churches are not distinguished by beauty either of exterior or interior, although on approaching the town by railway the towers and spires rising boldly out of the surrounding houses produce a good effect. Three of the churches, however, possess an inestimable treasure in the shape of a magnificent organ by the great Saxon, Silbermann, the builder of the celebrated Freiberg organ. The Roman Catholic Court Church was built about the middle of the last century by Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. The exterior possesses a certain rococo quaintness of its own, but the interior is irredeemably ugly. The organ was Silbermann's last masterpiece; indeed, the great builder was overtaken by death while at work upon this instrument. The organist, Herr Kretschmer, is a popular composer in Germany, his opera "Die Folkunger" being upon the *répertoire* of every theatre.

In this church every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock may be heard the masses, not only of Mozart and Cherubini, but of such, in our days, less known masters as Hasse, Graun,



FRAUENKIRCHE, DRESDEN.



and Naumann. The masses are performed by certain of the operatic singers and orchestra. Consequently the solos and instrumental accompaniments are well rendered. The choruses, however, are sung in a somewhat perfunctory manner, and the choristers are too few in numbers to hold their own against the organ and the orchestra.

Of the various Lutheran churches, the Frauenkirche is the largest, and possesses a Silbermann organ with forty-four registers and six thousand pipes; but the Kreuz Kirche is the most celebrated for its music. In the latter church motetts are performed on Saturday afternoons at two o'clock, with orchestral accompaniments. Although, to judge from the choral-singing, the boys' voices are unusually good, the soprano and alto solos are generally taken by female singers.

The great event of the year, musically speaking, in the Kreuz Kirche, is the performance on Good Friday of one of Bach's "Passions." This year the glorious Matthäus Passion was given, a work to which music and religion owe an almost equal debt. Bach, as a composer of sacred music, possesses many qualities in common with the early German and Flemish painters; his work is distinguished by the same magnificent simplicity, the same stern self-repression, and the same depth of devotional feeling. His Matthäus and Johannes Passions may be termed the veritable altar-pieces of music.

The performance on the occasion of which I speak was in many respects all that could be desired. Most of my readers will be familiar with the work through the performances in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and elsewhere; but for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of attending any of these, I may mention that the narrative is carried on in the grandest of recitative, interspersed with dramatic choruses, solemn chorales, and airs which, founded as they are upon the old *Soliloquia*, act as a sort of religious commentary upon the story. The part of the evangelist or narrator, which consists of extremely difficult and exacting recitative, is allotted to a tenor, and, on this occasion, was undertaken by a Stuttgart singer with a high, rather light tenor voice, produced in a manner which it is as rare as it is pleasant to hear in Germany. He also proved himself possessed of a simple, natural style, which was fortunate for the audience, since the least mannerism or artificiality in such a part would have completely destroyed all pleasure in the music. For such a passage as that descriptive of the scene following the crucifixion, the rending of the veil of the temple, the earthquake, and the opening of the graves, where organ and trumpets are used together with overwhelming effect, his voice was of too light a timbre to do full justice to the theme; but he appeared to especial advantage in the scene of Peter's denial, and more especially in the words, "He went out and wept bitterly," which were delivered with true and wholly unforced pathos.

The Christ music was rendered in a dignified and impressive style by Herr Scheidemann, one of the principal baritones at the Hof-oper. The bass who undertook the parts of Judas and Peter, and the soprano who sang certain of the commentary arias, might both pass muster; but the contralto was a decidedly disturbing element. She possessed that most unpleasant of all voices, a thin, sharp-edged contralto, produced in that only too common method, the effect of which is as though some invisible hand were trying to wring the singer's neck.

The chorales were originally intended to be sung by the whole congregation, and Mr.

Rockstro mentions the effect produced upon him in the Thomas-Kirche at Leipzig on Good Friday, 1846, by this congregational singing. Unfortunately, this practice seems to have gone out of use in Dresden, as has also that of preaching a sermon between the two parts.

Perhaps the most striking part of the whole work are the intensely dramatic choruses, which can only be heard to full perfection in Germany. The voices are rougher and more guttural than English voices, and the vindictive fury of certain passages, such as "Er ist des Todes schuldig!" "Lass ihn kreuzigen," and the demand for Barabbas to be delivered to them instead of Christ, seems literally to express the "raging of the heathen." In dramatic contrast to the tumult of the populace comes the righteous wrath and abhorrence of the Christian at the Act of Betrayal, as expressed in the line, "Lasst ihn, haltet, bindet nicht," and the magnificent chorus beginning, "Sind Blitze, sind Donner in Wolken verschwunden?" An admirable rendering was given of the last, and perhaps most beautiful, chorus, the Farewell,

"Wir setzen uns mit Thränen nieder  
Und rufen dir im Grabe zu:  
Ruhe sanfte, sanfte Ruh!"

which brings this masterpiece of sacred art to so worthy a conclusion.

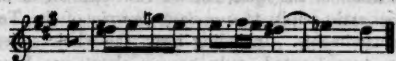
(To be continued.)

## Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.

(Continued.)

**E**NHARMONIC modulation may be a source of weakness or of strength. Used in moderation, it is effective; but if—as in some modern compositions—it is administered in too large doses, it loses pungency, and becomes stale and unprofitable. By enharmonic modulation we do not refer to those sudden changes of key made for the convenience of the reader, but which do not affect the listener—as, for example, the key of A flat suddenly altered to E major in the first movement of Op. 110, or the key of B flat minor to E major, in the Adagio of the same sonata. We are speaking of those radical changes in a chord effected by new notation (expressed or implied) which gives to that chord a new meaning. Surprise is therefore created by a resolution not expected from the chord with its first surroundings. Beethoven, in his pianoforte sonatas, shows us how to bring about these surprises in an orderly manner: they are not introduced in a spasmodic and therefore disturbing manner, nor are they anything more than means to an end.

The principal chords used for enharmonic purposes are those of the diminished 7th and of the augmented 6th in its three forms—Italian, French, and German. Already in the opening Allegro of his second sonata, Beethoven makes use of the diminished 7th. In the passage in question it is the phrase—

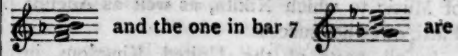


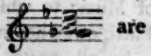
rather than the enharmonic modulation itself which attracts attention; and, moreover, he does not make parade of all the possible metamorphoses of the chord, but by one simple change passes from the key of E minor to its relative G major, and again in like manner from the key of G major to B flat major, and again to D major. In the extract given above we have

shown the enharmonic change which Beethoven left to be inferred from the context.

The Sonata *Pathétique* furnishes us with another illustration. Here in the "Grave" passage in the middle of the first movement a modulation from G minor to E minor is effected by simple enharmonic harmonic means—and it is strictly a means to an end.

In the Sonata *Appassionata* Beethoven goes a step farther. Here enharmonic modulation enters into the whole scheme of the first movement. The surprises are bolder and more frequent. The diminished 7th in bar 3

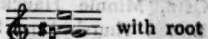


and the one in bar 7  are afterwards heard, but the notation being different the resolutions are also different.

In the E minor Sonata (Op. 90) Beethoven modulates from E minor to E flat major followed by minor; here two notes of the 7th require enharmonic change. The passage is at the commencement of the development section. It is given below in plain chords with change indicated—

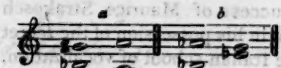


Beethoven has changed the *g* sharp into *a* flat, but not the *b* into *c* flat.

In sonata Op. 106, just before the recapitulation section, the chord of diminished 7th is resolved enharmonically in a manner quite unexpected. The chord  with root

*f* sharp, drops the *g* (the 9th), changes *a* sharp into *b* flat; and so from key of B we glide into B flat.

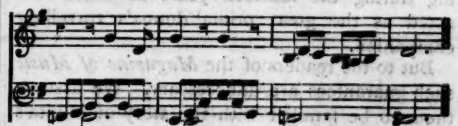
But we must say a word or two about the chord of augmented 6th, of which Beethoven makes frequent use. By enharmonic change it can become a dominant 7th, and *vice versa*. The augmented 6th rises (*a*), the 7th falls (*b*) to its note of resolution. Thus—



Hence the change is somewhat startling.

In the sonata in E flat (Op. 7) the chord immediately before the return of the principal theme in the Allegro, must first—on account of the previously well-established key of D minor—be thought of as a 1st inversion of an augmented 6th on the minor 6th of that scale; but it is written as a dominant 7th in E flat, and so resolved. In the coda of the finale of the Sonata *Pathétique* we have the reverse: a chord of augmented 6th, which must first be accepted as a dominant 7th.

In the *Prestissimo* of Op. 109 we have—



a dominant chord (3rd inversion) changed to an augmented 6th (2nd inversion): the *f* natural in bar 3 being really an *e* sharp.

Here is another interesting example from same sonata—



the chord used in a double sense in one and the same bar. And still another good illustration may be found just before the *Listesso tempo di Arioso* in the fugue of Op. 110.

(To be continued.)



## Maurice Strakosch's Ten Commandments of Music.\*

SINCE the appearance of the article on Nikita in our issue for last October, we have been inundated with letters asking for further information on the subject of those wonderful Ten Commandments of Music to which Nikita, as well as Adelina Patti, owes her success.

In all parts of the United Kingdom, in Sydney, in Auckland, in Cape Town, in Durban, in Paris, in Dresden, in Munich, in Vienna, and even in Athens, our brief reference to the Commandments has excited the eager curiosity of our readers. The veil of secrecy is at length raised by the publication of what must be admitted to be the most important musical work of the century now approaching its completion.

It was manifest that the extraordinary success of the singers trained by Maurice Strakosch could only have been due to some special secret in his possession. A glance at the list is enough. Commencing with Adelina Patti, and ending with Nikita, it includes Wachtel, Bjorksten, Donadio, Belocca, Sessi, Marie Osta, Minnie Hauck, Clara Kellogg, Emma Thursby, and Sigrid Arnoldson. These are artists formed entirely by Maurice Strakosch. Equally comprehensive is the list of those who, like Frezzolini and Christine Nilsson, came to him for the improvement and preservation of powers already developed. In fact, we learn from Colonel Mapleson that of his hundred and sixty-four *prime donne* a hundred had taken lessons under the great "star-discoverer." All this success of Maurice Strakosch had its root in his possession of the secret of the pure Italian school of vocalization. Inheriting this secret as a precious legacy from the great Pasta, he bequeathed it on his death last October to Mr. Le Roy, by whom it is now published, with the sanction of Madame Strakosch, as expressed in the letter which is here reproduced. The authenticity of the work is further guaranteed by letters from Maurice and Ferdinand Strakosch, and a certificate from Louisa Lauw, authoress of *Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti*, to the effect that the exercises are those which she heard Patti sing every morning during the fourteen years in which she acted as the great prima donna's travelling companion.

But to the readers of the *Magazine of Music* such guarantees are unnecessary. We assume them to be familiar with the story of Nikita's career. They will thus readily understand how Maurice Strakosch came to entrust to Mr. Le Roy the secret which he had hitherto jealously guarded. Feeling himself to be in delicate health, he wished to ensure the due continuance of his beloved pupil's training in the event of his death. Mr. Le Roy was clearly the proper man for this duty, and in Mr. Le Roy Maurice Strakosch found a kindred spirit. Like Maurice Strakosch, Mr. Le Roy is fired with the ambition to create great

artists; like Maurice Strakosch, he is endowed with the gifts of a born teacher. And so to Mr. Le Roy Maurice Strakosch unbosomed his whole soul. Among her many pupils, the great Pasta had signalled out Maurice Strakosch as the depository of her traditions. She taught the others how to sing, but did not explain in its entirety the system on which her instruction was based. Similarly, Maurice Strakosch gave tuition point by point until he found in Mr. Le Roy a worthy successor to whom he might communicate the central idea under which the details were subordinated—the keystone, as it were, of the symmetrical arch of instruction. Like his predecessors, Pasta and Maurice Strakosch, Mr. Le Roy intends to form a limited circle of such pupils as are fitted for a brilliant artistic career. But he is of opinion that the secret of Pasta and Maurice Strakosch should now be made known to the world; and it is in the confident hope of materially raising the

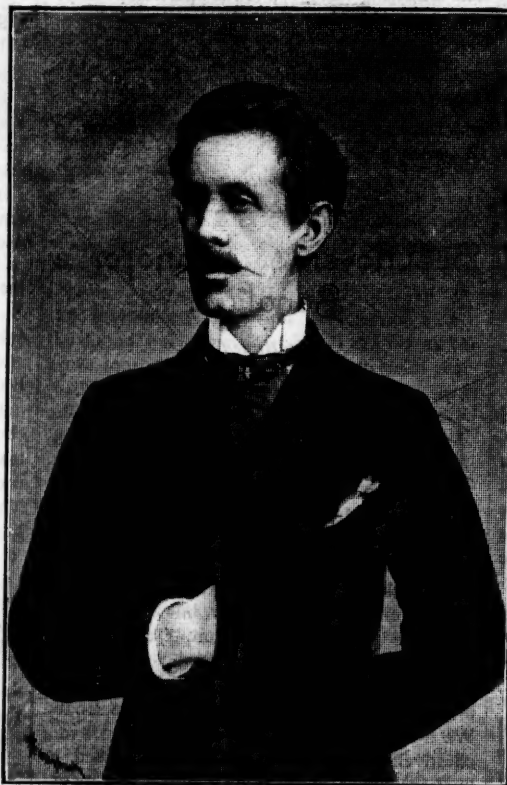
time may cause the extremely dangerous point of fatigue to be reached. And, although the exercises are short, they are so arranged that everything which the voice requires is introduced. They hit the mean between the extremes of incompleteness and over-elaboration; nothing is superfluous, but nothing is omitted. Should any over-zealous pupil despise a practice of an hour a day as insufficient, he may be informed that the *Commandments* contain 3229 notes, and, by the 365th morning, he will have exercised his voice upon 1,178,585 notes!

These exercises form a very treasure-house of song, but a key is needed to unlock the door. The proper emission of the voice must be acquired, and on this point the letterpress gives full and explicit directions. This is the great secret. The system of Maurice Strakosch here runs counter to all established notions. It is strange how the greatest results always flow from principles so simple as almost to appear self-evident. Such is the simplicity of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, that we almost wonder why James Watt and Wheatstone were not forestalled in their inventions. Equally beautiful in its simplicity is the device by which Maurice Strakosch governs the whole process of voice-production. Those who consult the book will find that by what might be thought a trivial change in enunciation, the emission of the voice is entirely altered. The human breath is emitted in such a manner as to fall on the ear like the tones wafted from an Æolian harp, and, in thus approximating to the workings of nature, the voice acquires a development in accordance with nature's methods.

The importance of physical training receives in this work a full recognition. A healthy voice can only come from a healthy body, and the body should thus receive as much attention as the voice in a well-balanced system of musical training. A set of light calisthenic exercises, ten in number, are accordingly provided. Like the *Commandments*, they contain nothing that is superfluous, but everything that is required. They are so arranged that they give the same practice in breathing as the *Commandments*, each motion corresponding with a note of the scale in duration. The movements are illustrated by explanatory diagrams, and the aid of music is employed in the form of a march specially adapted to the successive positions. The march is from the pen of Mr. Le Roy, and is used daily in the training of Nikita.

The whole system is expounded with perfect clearness and precision, so that he who runs may not only read but understand. Mr. Le Roy has, moreover, been ready to avail himself of the resources of the pictorial art. Besides the calisthenic diagrams above mentioned, there are engravings in which the proper positions of the body and the mouth in singing are explained.

The illustrations, indeed, form a specially interesting feature of the work. For example, it is by means of an old portrait of Adelina Patti that the position of the mouth is illustrated. Patti is here represented at the age of nineteen, singing as Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." This early portrait of Patti is a curiosity which we believe to be quite unknown in England. The work is further embellished with full-page portraits of Patti, Nikita, Maurice Strakosch, and the great Pasta. It is tastefully got up in an elegant cover, and will be found a most



M. LE ROY, NIKITA'S PRESENT MAESTRO.

standard of vocal music among amateurs as well as professional musicians, that he has published at our office this edition of the *Ten Commandments of Music*.

The bulk of the work naturally consists of the *Ten Commandments*, which are neatly and clearly printed with the proper pianoforte accompaniment. The first point to attract attention in these exercises is their brevity, which is discussed as follows:—

Maurice Strakosch considered that elaborate exercises wore out the voice, and he restricted all of his famous artist-pupils to one daily practice of the *Ten Commandments*. Including rests, the whole series, when once learned, only occupy about one hour. This is a short time for practice, but it must be remembered that on no account must the daily repetition of the *Commandments* be omitted. There is no room for fits and starts in the system of Maurice Strakosch. Three hours on Wednesday will not make up for idleness on Tuesday. In fact, the two additional hours will be worse than useless. *The Commandments* contain exactly the amount of exercise which is required to strengthen the voice; to sing more at one

\* Maurice Strakosch's *Ten Commandments of Music for the Development, Preservation, and Perfection of the Voice*. London 1888. Published at the Office of the *Magazine of Music*, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill. Price 5s.



acceptable gift-book for all who are in any way interested in music and musicians.

We cannot do better than finish our notice with Mr. Le Roy's concluding words:—

It will be observed that a certain amount of musical knowledge is presupposed in this work. The mere routine of theory and expression must be left to one of the ordinary books of instruction. For this reason it is preferable that the beginner should study the Commandments with the aid of a master, who will see that the prescribed directions are duly followed. Even when the exercises are fully understood, the assistance of a master will economize the attention, and leave more freedom to the will.

These exercises are far from being intended as a

mere school for beginners. They are meant not only for the development of the voice, but for its preservation and even its restoration. The most accomplished artists will derive benefit from a regular use of the medico-musical treatment here described, and a systematic practice of the Commandments of Maurice Strakosch. Besides the brilliant galaxy of stars whom Maurice Strakosch produced, many artists formed under the training of others came to him in after years when the voice was, perhaps, beginning to lose some of its freshness, and became firm believers in the efficacy of his wonderful Commandments. Among such was the great Frezzolini; and it is in virtue of the Commandments that Christine Nilsson, like Adelina Patti, retains her powers unimpaired through advancing years. The secret of all this success is at length disclosed, and the general body of singers may now enjoy the

advantage of a training hitherto reserved for the most highly privileged of their number.

The moral of the Ten Commandments of Music is steady, persistent work. Without this steady, persistent work, the finest natural gifts are a useless possession. A fine voice is like the rough diamond which must be cut and faced by the lapidary ere its flashing brilliance is disclosed; or like the nugget of gold which is passed through the refinery and moulded into shape by the artisan. Restless, untiring energy is nature's law; let restless, untiring energy be applied to the human voice, and it will be changed as by the stroke of some magician's wand. To the serious student nothing better can be recommended than the advice of Patti, the first pupil, to Nikita, the last pupil of Maurice Strakosch: "Courage and patience, the two qualities indispensable to success."

Paris, March the 8<sup>th</sup> / 1888

I hereby certify that the exercises and explanations contained in this book are the ones used by my husband M<sup>r</sup>. Maurice Strakosch in teaching all of his artist pupils and were taught to M<sup>r</sup>. Le Roy for the benefit of Mademoiselle Nikita his last artist pupil.

Amalia Strakosch  
nee Patti

FAC-SIMILE LETTER FROM MADAME STRAKOSCH CERTIFYING THE CORRECTNESS OF M. LE ROY'S PUBLICATION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

## Nikita in London.

**N**IKITA is still the talk of London. During the past month she has sung three times at the Albert Hall (2nd, 18th, and 30th of April), at concerts specially organized on her account. She also constituted the chief attraction at the Benefit Concert of Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace on the 21st of April. The audiences appear to grow more enthusiastic at each successive concert. You hear the young prima donna's history and her wonderful gifts eagerly discussed

in the train on your way to South Kensington, and, after she has sung the encore to her last song, you can see a general exodus from every part of the Albert Hall.

The piece in Nikita's repertoire which has won the greatest favour with the public, is the Echo Song. This has been sung at every concert by special request, and the public welcome it as an old friend, by breaking out into applause when the first notes of the introductory symphony are played. "I know not why," the song by her maestro, Mr. Le Roy, has also made a decided hit; and among other additions to her repertoire may be mentioned Engel's "Darling Mine," the favourite song of Adelina Patti, for whom it was composed.

A rumour has got abroad to the effect that Nikita will make her *debut* in opera during the coming season at Covent Garden. We are in a position to contradict this report absolutely. There is no doubt that Mr. Harris would be only too pleased to secure such an attraction. But it is considered that she is as yet too young to appear on the boards. She will doubtless be ready by the time another season comes round, and then we may look for a sensation. Meanwhile she will study a number of operatic parts, in some cases under the personal supervision of the composers. Thus Gounod will instruct her in "Faust," Ambroise Thomas in "Mignon," and Massenet in "The Cid."



## A Musical Romance.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A FLUTTERED DOVECOTE," ETC. ETC.

I SHALL never forget my sensations, when, at last, we found ourselves comfortably established in our lofty seats. We arrived much earlier than was necessary, for in the Dresden theatre every seat, from the five-and-sixpenny in the first tier, down to the sixpenny in the fifth, is numbered and reserved. Would that this fashion could be introduced into every theatre and concert-hall in London! How many dreary hours of waiting in fetid air would by that means be spared to those who cannot afford to pay the highest prices for their seats!

As we listened to the overture, played to perfection by the orchestra, which is considered, and with justice, one of the finest in Europe, we thought that nothing better could be in store for us, but when the curtain drew up we found ourselves plunged at once into a very fairy-land of poetry and romance. The grand surprise and treat of the evening, however, came in the form of the knightly Hüon, whom I recognised at a glance to be none other than the young stranger of the morning.

"Hermann!" I exclaimed, with a start, as he came upon the stage.

"What?" said Tommie, "how did you know who he was? I'll tell you all about him at the end of the act."

Then he began to sing. What a voice it was! A tenore robusto and simpatico combined, pure and resonant as a silver trumpet. His handsome face, undisguised by beard or moustache, was well set off by his knightly costume, and his singing and acting were full both of passion and fire. In a word, he was the *beau-ideal* of what the Germans expressively call a "Heldentenor." When the curtain fell on the first act, after we had clapped till our hands were sore, Tommie took out her little sketch-book, and began, as was her wont, to draw and talk with equal rapidity.

"How did you know that was Hermann Seewald?" she asked; and then, without waiting for an answer, went on, "Frau Müller showed me his photograph in all the shop windows this morning, so I recognised him instantly. Isn't he perfect? And what a sin that such a face and such a voice should go together! Everybody here is mad about him. They say he might have splendid engagements in the Italian Operas in Paris, St. Petersburg, or Madrid, but he is a Saxon by birth, and takes a great interest in the Dresden Opera, so he makes this his headquarters, and only sings 'als Gast' at other theatres. He is to appear in London next winter in a short German opera season. He makes a perfect furore wherever he goes, and no wonder. Frau Müller says he is as good as he is handsome. He gives away money like water, and is always helping struggling brother artists. If anybody wants to give a benefit concert, they always ask him to sing, because they know he won't refuse, and is a sure draw. Now tell me what made you give that melodramatic start when you first saw him."

Thereupon I explained that this hero of romance was none other than my stranger of the morning, of whom I had already given her a full and particular account. Tommie was deeply interested.

"You lucky girl!" she exclaimed, "you are

the sort of person to whom interesting things are sure to happen. Next time you see him, tell him you have a talented friend who is dying to take his portrait. You are certain to meet him again soon, because Frau Müller says he was your old Professor's pupil, and is looked upon as one of his latest triumphs. Is this like him when you see him close?"

Here she handed me a little sketch of the Hüon, which made me utter an exclamation of astonishment, so wonderfully had she caught, not only the likeness, but the character and the individuality of the original.

"You must be a witch, Tommie!" I cried, "or else have the eyes of a lynx."

"It is not so wonderful as it appears," she answered, "for I took a fac-simile of his photograph on my heart this morning. Hush! the curtain is going up."

For the rest of the evening we were plunged in that delicious world where fairies, knights, robbers, Turks, distressed ladies, and mermaids are mixed up in such enchanting confusion. There was nothing to mar our enjoyment; for at the Dresden opera even the audience is sympathetic. Though their applause is seldom what we should consider enthusiastic, it is pleasant to see how every "point" made during the performance is instantly noticed and appreciated. After a long course of opera and concert going in London and elsewhere, I have come to the conclusion that, next to good music, the first requisite for perfect enjoyment is a good audience.

As we walked home that evening, for in Dresden every one but "Englishmen and fools" walks home from the theatre, Tommie amused me by remarking solemnly, "It is to be hoped that a tenor like that will never make me an offer, for if he were to warble 'Will you be mine?' in such a voice it would be a case of 'Yes, if you please, sir,' in my squeaky little treble. But directly he had shut the piano, and taken up his hat to go, I should want to run after him and say, 'Please, it was all a mistake; I didn't really mean it.'"

I laughed as I asked,—

"But wouldn't you like to marry a singer, Tommie? I think a tenor and a painter would make rather a pretty pair."

"Perhaps I shouldn't care so much for my tenor's singing when I could have it for nothing as when I had to pay one-and-ninepence for it. I might even get deadly tired of hearing him practise his exercises and scales. Besides, I never mean to have any husband but my art," concluded Tommie pompously.

"No more do I," I agreed. "At least, if I ever marry, it won't be till I am five-and-twenty, and then it won't much matter what I do."

At eighteen one imagines that five-and-twenty is an age at which a woman is nothing but a withered old maid, whose career in life is over.

After that night work began in real earnest. But, in Dresden, work is so mixed with what we in England should call play, that it is difficult to know which is which. I found my Professor as excellent a master as his reputation had led me to expect, but it was fortunate that my nerves were strong, for a false note, or a lapse in the time, on my part, would bring from him an outburst of impatience, in which he would often dash the music off the piano to the further end of the room. I readily forgave him all his sins of temper, however, when I found that he sent me tickets for both theatres and concerts, with strict orders to make use of them, as he considered a regular attendance at such entertainments an essential part of a musical education.

It was nearly a fortnight after my first meet-

ing with Seewald before I saw him again. Frau Müller had taken us to the usual Saturday evening "Symphony" concert at the Gewerbehause, where smoke, cutlets, and Beethoven are consumed in about equal parts. Who should we find at the next table to ours but the handsome singer and a party of friends. In the "pause" he came over to us, and begged me to introduce him to Frau Müller. For the rest of the evening he remained at our table, and made himself so fascinating that Frau Müller invited him to a small party which she was giving the following evening. Herr Seewald accepted the invitation with every appearance of pleasure, though, as a rule, an evening party in Germany is not a wildly exciting entertainment. Frau Müller's parties were, however, better than the average, since, through her husband, who had been a 'cello player in the Dresden orchestra, she numbered several of the minor stars of the Hof-theatre among her acquaintance.

Herr Seewald proved, as might have been expected, a great acquisition to our little circle. He was not at all inclined to give himself airs, but sang whenever he was asked, without requiring to be pressed, played the childish games in which the German soul delights, till they seemed almost amusing, and ate sugar biscuits and drank fruit syrup, as if they had been champagne and oysters. After that evening he became a pretty frequent visitor at our house, and quite won Tommie's heart by sitting to her for his portrait in the costume he wore as Romeo in Gounod's opera.

So the wintry months of February and March passed pleasantly away, and we woke up one morning to find that the spring had come. In Dresden people wear fur coats, and sit behind tightly-closed double-windows one day, and the next the stove is let out, the windows are thrown open, and the Saxon mädchen appear in spring costumes of wonderful and awful patterns. Spring in Germany is the old-fashioned spring of the poets, in which no one believes who has lived all his life in England.

Tommie came running into my room, one of these fine spring mornings, with a face full of amusement.

"I have got such a splendid idea for my summer hats," she exclaimed. "I shall follow Frau Müller's example."

"What is that?" I inquired, stopping short in the middle of a prolonged trill.

"Well, you know she has been wearing two hats during the winter, one a black hat, trimmed with some decayed vegetables, and the other a brown hat, trimmed with a mangy feather. Well, she has just put the vegetables into the brown hat and the feather into the black, and there she is, set up with two new summer hats, at no expense whatever. Then her gloves are quite in keeping. They are tan Suède, but they have been cleaned five times, and there is nothing left of them but the chemicals used in the process. I mean to give lectures on domestic economy when I go back to Australia, and I shall hold up Frau Müller as a shining example."

Tommie had attracted an admirer in the shape of a magnificent young Gardereiter, the Herr Lieutenant von Enkelstein, to whom she had given the nickname of "Aber—Fräulein!" as she declared that in conversation with her, he never gave utterance to anything except a long-drawn and deprecatory "Aber—Fräulein!" This was very likely true, for he was an extremely strait-laced and well-behaved young man, who had evidently been attracted to our wild Australian mainly by the force of contrast, and experienced a "fearful joy" in listening to her eccentric speeches. Tommie amused her



self by inventing, for his benefit, wonderful stories about her life in Australia, including lion and tiger hunts, rides on ostriches, and skirmishes with Red Indians, to all of which "Aber-Fräulein" listened with open eyes and mouth, being apparently ignorant of the fact that such creatures are not usually found in Australia.

As the summer advanced, and the heat became almost unbearable, there was a general exodus from Dresden. The theatres close at the end of June, and, as the Germans seem to think, what is the use of stopping in a town when there is no theatre to go to?

As the Professor had gone to Carlsbad, and Tommie's artist had shut up his studio, we were at liberty to accompany the Müllers to their usual summer retreat. This was a charming little village in Saxon Switzerland, standing rather off the beaten track, though not far from the river, and surrounded by pine woods. The little old-fashioned inn, at which we had secured rooms, was largely patronized by those singers, actors, and artists whose means did not permit of their flying to fashionable watering-places. To our surprise and pleasure, we found Herr Seewald among the guests. He explained that he disliked fashionable places, and had come to our quiet little village in order to study his part in a new opera, which was shortly to be produced at the Dresden theatre.

As he had his carriage and horses with him, besides a sailing boat, both of which he placed at the disposal of his friends, his presence added very much to our pleasure. Frau Müller was afraid to trust herself in either the carriage or the boat, but, fortunately, chaperons were not considered necessary in holiday-time. Our party usually consisted, besides ourselves and Herr Seewald, of a young Norwegian contralto, who, like myself, was studying for the stage, a music-loving Austrian Graf, who was her special admirer, a weak-kneed young "advocat" who worshipped at Mina's shrine, and, last but not least, poor "Aber-Fräulein."

Nearly every day we made an expedition to some charming place, returning home by moonlight, and beguiling the time with songs and recitations. I remember one evening, in particular, we were all coming home by river, when our impromptu concert attracted a whole flotilla of boats, which followed us as persistently as if we were real sirens. The Norwegian sang "Volks-lieder" of her Northern home, in her sympathetic contralto; the Austrian Graf whistled an imitation of the notes of various birds, ending with the nightingale, and then, seizing his mandolin, which he usually carried with him on these expeditions, he called to Seewald for a song, and began the accompaniment to Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen." We all listened breathlessly as the wonderful notes poured forth. Their beauty seemed almost supernatural in the stillness and the moonlight. There was silence for a few moments, as the last notes died away, and then came cheers and shouts of "Seewald! Seewald!" from the boats that followed in our wake.

By the time our holiday was over, I had come to look upon Herr Seewald as a real friend, for, at eighteen, one believes in the possibility of friendship between men and women. If it had not been for his help and sympathy, I should have found it hard work to get into harness again, more especially as the Professor returned from Carlsbad in a particularly unpleasant frame of mind. I know now that he was displeased at the friendship which had sprung up between his favourite pupil and myself, but I attributed his ill-humour at the time to his prejudice against my nationality. I asked Seewald, one day, whether he knew the reason of the

Professor's intense hatred of the English, and, in reply, he told me the story of the old man's blighted life.

It appears that when he was quite a young man, with apparently a brilliant future before him, he became engaged to an English girl, who was a fellow-pupil of his at the Conservatoire. Shortly after his engagement, he met with the accident which crippled him for life, and cut short his career as a pianist. The English girl, not caring to face poverty and obscurity with a crippled husband, thereupon threw him over, and married his greatest friend, who was the son of a rich banker.

"The girl can't really have cared for him," I remarked, on hearing this story, "or she would never have thrown him over merely because his career was put a stop to."

"If you cared very much for any one," asked Seewald, "would you be true to him, whatever misfortune befell him?"

"I suppose one can never tell till one is tried," I replied; "but if I really loved any one, I hope I should behave like the lady in a story I once read, whose lover came back from the wars minus most of his limbs; but when her friends tried to persuade her to break off her engagement, she replied that as long as there was enough of him left to hold his soul she would be true to him."

Seewald laughed at my anecdote, though he applauded its sentiments. How little we either of us guessed that the day would come when these words would seem to have had a prophetic ring!

In November Seewald was to make his debut in London, in a German Opera season. Before he left Dresden, much to my surprise and rather to my annoyance, he told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I was vexed at our friendship being interrupted in this (to me) unlooked-for manner, for, much as I liked and admired Seewald, I had never looked upon him in the light of a lover. Such being the case, I am afraid my refusal was couched in rather inconsiderate terms, for he went away looking so woe-begone that my heart rather smote me for my cruelty, especially when, soon after his arrival in London, I received letters from my brothers full of praises of the "German chap." He seemed to have loaded the boys with presents, and to have given them tickets for almost every theatre in London.

I missed Seewald far more than I expected. The opera seemed shorn of half its glory now that he was no longer there, and it was tantalizing to read of the furore he was making in London, where the critics declared that such a tenor had not been heard since Rubini.

Meanwhile our little household in Christian Strasse was only enlivened by Mina's engagement to her weak-kneed young "advocat." Accustomed as we were to a certain amount of reticence about such matters, Tommie and I were rather surprised at Frau Müller's outspoken joy over this event. She rushed round to the houses of all her acquaintances screaming, as soon as her head was inside the door, "Die Mina ist verlobt! Die Mina ist verlobt!"

Mina and her "Bräutigam," of course, carried on their courtship in the most public manner possible. What was the object, they seemed to think, of sitting hand in hand, unless somebody was there to see them?

By the middle of December Seewald was back again in Dresden, but as he did not come to see us, and only bowed in passing when he met us in the street, I concluded that I was not yet forgiven, and that our friendship was not to be renewed. Presently the opera bills announced that Herr Seewald was "indisposed." I tried in vain to learn from the Professor whether this

illness was anything serious, till one day, when the old man, instead of his usual gruff "good-day," met me with a perfect torrent of abuse. At first I was so taken aback by this reception, that I failed to make out what it was all about, but presently I gathered that Seewald was dangerously ill; that if he died, in the Professor's opinion, I had murdered him, as he was calling continually for me in his delirium; that I was like all my countrywomen who, with their false faces and false smiles, won honest men's affections, and then, when tired of them, threw them over without asking or caring what became of them; that in losing Seewald we should lose Germany's greatest singer, and so on; while I stood silent and bewildered under this tirade. Only one fact forced itself into my brain. Seewald was in danger, and was calling for me, my presence might still the fever, and so be the means of saving his life. His rooms were in that very house, immediately above those of the Professor. I interrupted the latter's flow of words by saying unceremoniously,—

"Be quiet. Why did no one tell me before that he was delirious, and calling for me? I will go to him at once."

I went towards the door, but the Professor called me back, saying,—

"Wait a moment; when I tell you that my poor friend's malady is small-pox, and that if you go to him you will risk losing your beauty, your voice, and perhaps your life, you will not be in such a hurry. Ah, I thought so: you hesitate; you don't think a man's life worth the loss of your pink-and-white complexion!"

"Wait till you know why I paused, before you judge me," I answered. "I was going to ask you if I might write a note to my friends, asking them to send me a few necessary things, as I intend to help to nurse Herr Seewald; and, from what you say, it may be some weeks before he is better, or"— I could not finish my sentence.

"What!" cried the Professor, "you are really going to him? You are not afraid? That is noble of you. After all, the English, with all their faults, are not cowards."

"No," I answered coolly; "and if they are not so demonstratively sentimental as you Germans, still they have quite as high an idea of friendship."

So saying, I wrote a note to Tommie, explaining what I was about to do, and asking her to write to my mother, and make some excuse about my being unable to write myself. I enclosed a note to Frau Müller, begging that no one might be allowed to communicate with me except by letter, or to dissuade me from my intention, as by the time my note reached her the mischief would probably be done. Of course, I should leave any letters I received unanswered till all fear of infection was past.

The Professor undertook to have my notes forwarded to Christian Strasse; and then I took farewell of him, for I was aware that it was within the bounds of probability that I might never see him again.

As I was going up to the next stage I met a gentleman coming down, whom I recognised to be the doctor. I stopped him, and asked how his patient was. He shook his head and looked grave.

"Very ill indeed," he said; "the fever is very high; and he sometimes calls for 'Hilda' by the half-hour together: nothing will calm him. I wish we could get Hilda here, whoever she is."

"I am Hilda," I replied; "and I am going to him at once. I only knew a few minutes ago that he wanted me."

"Then I conclude you have had the small-pox," said the doctor. "If not, I cannot advise you to go to him, as the disease is of the most



malignant type, and your sacrifice might be useless, as it is extremely doubtful whether he can possibly recover."

"I am not afraid," I replied; "one can only die once."

"That is true," said he; "but most people think that once too much. However, if you are quite decided, I will take you in and give you a few directions. He is being well looked after by two nursing sisters."

So saying, he turned back with me; and in a few seconds we were in the patient's room, where two gray, grave sisters stood, one on each side of the bed. But who was that who lay tossing feverishly on the bed, murmuring unintelligibly with parched lips? Could that be Seewald? As I stood gazing at him in horror and bewilderment, he suddenly opened his dull eyes. A faint light shone in them for a moment; he murmured "Hilda," and then relapsed into a kind of stupor.

"He seemed to recognise you," said the doctor; "that is a good sign. Perhaps your presence may soothe him."

From that day forward began a time to which I look back now as upon a fearful nightmare. As the disease ran its course, it seemed impossible that our patient could recover. When he was at his worst, for three days and three nights I never left his side, for nothing seemed to soothe him but my voice in his ear and my hand on his forehead. Often in his delirium he would reproach me for my coldness and cruelty, tell me how passionately he loved me, and beg me to have pity on him. At other times he would try to sing the tenor airs out of various operas. Now he was Manrico immured in his tower, or Florestan in his dungeon, waiting in vain for Fidelio to rescue him. Then he was Max, watching the casting of the demoniacal bullets, or Faust, being dragged down to the lower regions by Mephistopheles. All this was heart-breaking to watch, especially as I now realized for the first time that I loved him. Strange, that when he was the handsome, successful singer, I had not been conscious of any feeling for him but friendship; but now, when even if he recovered, his beauty would be gone irrevocable, and perhaps his voice, I knew that I returned his love.

At last the crisis approached. The doctor had told us that the patient would probably become sensible as the end drew near, for he gave us little or no hope. That night Seewald, who had been in a sort of stupor for some hours, suddenly raised his head, and said in quite a natural tone,—

"Hilda, I wish you would sing something. I know the Professor has forbidden you to sing before any one; but he wouldn't mind me."

Full of hope at this sudden change, I glanced inquiringly at the sister.

"It won't hurt him," she said quietly. "The doctor told us we were to humour him."

"What would you like me to sing?" I asked, turning to Seewald, and expecting that an Ave Maria or a hymn would be required of me.

"Oh, sing something cheerful," he answered, to my surprise. "I am tired of being ill, and seeing nothing but long faces round me, and I haven't the least intention of dying this time. Sing 'Batti, batti,' or the 'Habanera' from 'Carmen,' or the 'Polonaise' out of 'Mignon.' I know yours is the grand style, but you can sing anything if you choose, and I should prefer something lively."

This seemed a strange request for a dying man; however, I did not like to thwart him, so I sang softly and without much spirit the 'Habanera.'

"Thank you," he said, as I concluded, "that is rather a sick-room rendering of the

air. Love!" he went on, "yes, love is a curious thing. Why, for instance, did you refuse to have anything to say to me when I was well and strong, and now that I am a ghastly object, you nurse me as if I were your brother?" The tears came to my eyes.

"I would have done as much for any friend," I said; "but I know now that I love you, I believe I have loved you all the time."

"I see you think I am going to die," he remarked, with a quaint smile, "or you would not have told me that. But I am going to live, and you will have saved my life, my darling."

So saying he closed his eyes and went into a peaceful sleep, as his regular breathing testified. Towards morning the doctor came, evidently expecting to hear that his patient had already breathed his last. As he stood silently gazing at the sleeping man, the latter opened his eyes and said, in his natural voice,—

"I am hungry."

The doctor turned to me, and remarked, with a satisfied smile,—

"He'll do now, with good nursing. Humanly speaking, he owes his life to you."

Now followed a time of convalescence. Considering how near our patient had been to death, he made fairly rapid strides towards recovery, but still it was some time before he could be pronounced free from all danger of relapse.

It must not be supposed that all this time I had been left without any tidings from my friends. Tommie had written to me regularly, though, of course, I had been obliged to leave her letters unanswered, for fear of spreading the infection. She had made up some pious fiction for my mother, about my having hurt my hand, and being unable to write for myself. It now became necessary to consider what was to be done next. Seewald was able to do without me now, and was ordered to the sea-side as soon as he should be strong enough to be moved. At length Frau Müller arranged that I should go to an aunt of hers, who lived at Schandau, and who, having had the disease, would take me in till all fear of infection was over, and I could return to my friends in Dresden.

The evening before my departure, I sat by Seewald's side, trying to cheer his drooping spirits. It was natural enough that he should be despondent, poor fellow, for he was not only frightfully marked, but the doctor had been obliged to tell him, in answer to his repeated questions, that he would never sing again.

"I have never thanked you for saving my life at the risk of your own," he said, that evening; "but I almost wish you had left me to die. I have lost all that makes life worth living." And he covered his face with his hands.

A great rush of pity came over me. I took both his hands in mine, and said, "Yes, you have lost everything you had, but you have gained one thing; it is not worth much, but it is yours if you care to have it."

"What is that?" he asked listlessly.

"My love," I replied. His face grew pale.

"Impossible!" he cried, "you say that out of pity. My voice is gone, and I am a pauper, for my money was always lightly earned and lightly spent. My face is hideous and revolting. How can any one care for me now?"

"I do not love you for your voice or your face," I replied, "I love you for yourself. I can earn money for both of us, if need be. But I see a new career in store for you. I have heard you sing your own compositions, and the Professor has told me that if you were not a great singer you might become a great composer."

"You tempt me beyond my strength," he said

faintly. "Yes, it is true; in my few leisure intervals I have devoted myself to composition. For some years past I have been at work on an opera which is now completed, except for some few finishing touches. Those of my friends to whom I have shown it have been good enough to say that it has merit. I believe my friend, Graf Baumbach, the intendant, would bring it out at his theatre, if I offered it to him, and then—if it succeeded—I might perhaps venture to ask you whether the words you have spoken to-day were only prompted by a passing feeling of pity, or whether you were really ready to share the uncertain future of a poor composer."

"I shall never change," I replied. "But show me the score of your opera. Why did you never tell me about it before?"

"I was waiting till it was finished, and, if the truth be known, I had some hopes that you might 'create' the title-rôle, when at last the Professor allowed you to make your *début*. The libretto, which was written by a poetical friend of mine, was suggested by your Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' and is called 'Guinevere.' The part of the queen is expressly written for your type of voice—a golden soprano. There is a second soprano part for Elaine, and Vivien is, as you will have guessed, a contralto. Arthur, Lancelot, and Merlin are, respectively, tenor, baritone, and bass. There are also minor parts for Geraint and Enid. You may imagine that I have not lost the opportunity of writing some choruses for the Knights of the Round Table."

"Oh, I am sure it will be a great success!" I cried. "How I wish I could sing the part of Guinevere! Would you trust me with it if the Professor would give his consent, and if Graf Baumbach would engage me?"

"I should ask nothing better," he replied, "but I am afraid the Professor would not hear of it. I believe Baumbach would be willing to engage you, for he has been asking when you will be ready to appear, having heard enthusiastic reports of your voice from the heads of the Conservatoire."

"I think the Professor might be worked upon, as it is for your benefit," I said. "At any rate, if you can spare the part of Guinevere, let me take it with me to Schandau; I shall have plenty of time there to work it up."

"That is a good idea," he replied. "The part of Guinevere is quite completed. I will put the finishing touches to the rest during my convalescence."

The next morning we parted. I was sorely in need of fresh air and rest, as I had grown pale and thin under the long-continued strain of the nursing and anxiety. The fresh air of Saxon Switzerland soon brought back the colour to my cheeks, however, and I found plenty of occupation and interest in studying the part of Guinevere. The better I knew it, the more full of beauties it appeared to me, and I determined that, whatever the Professor might say, I would create the part, if only the intendant would engage me. When, a few weeks later, I returned to Dresden, I was surprised to find that all my friends and acquaintances were inclined to make a heroine of me. Even the Professor was quite softened, and refrained from making any deprecatory allusions to the English nation. In my first interview with him I took the bull by the horns, and mooted the idea of my making my *début* in "Guinevere," which, as I learnt from him, had already been accepted by the management, and was to be produced shortly before the summer holidays. Much to my astonishment, the Professor did not at once pooh-pooh my suggestion. He pointed out that I was still very young and inexperienced, that he had not intended me to make my appearance for another year at least,



and then only in minor parts at first. On the other hand, he allowed that this was a favourable opportunity for my *début*, as the public felt great sympathy for Seewald in his misfortunes, and admiration for the courage I had shown in going to nurse him, and therefore would be disposed to make every allowance.

Such being the case, he consented at length to go with me to Graf Baumbach's, where I should sing through the part of Guinevere, and if my rendering was satisfactory to both, he, the Professor, would put no further obstacles in the way of my engagement.

I joyfully accepted this offer, and the next morning saw us jolting through the streets to Graf Baumbach's abode. That gentleman afforded an amusing contrast to the Professor, for he was the soul of politeness, paid me many compliments, and professed to go into raptures over my singing. I could see that he stood decidedly in awe of the Professor, who was evidently, as I had often been told, the real head of operatic affairs. The Graf made no objection to my engagement. Any one, he said, whom his friend recommended would, he was sure, prove an ornament to the Dresden Opera. My salary was to be small at first, but was to increase as I gained experience. The intendant spoke in glowing terms of Seewald's opera, the rehearsals for which were to begin the following week, when the composer was expected to return to Dresden.

For the next two months I was kept hard at work. The rehearsals were at first rather alarming, though the other singers were far more kind and friendly than I had expected, owing, I believe, to the fact that they were all devoted to Seewald, and accepted me for his sake. I had the advantage of studying my part both with the Professor and with the composer himself, who had returned to Dresden much better in health, but still so altered in face that his best friends failed to recognise him.

At length the eventful evening drew near. My parents had come from London to be present at my *début*. I had been obliged to confess to them the part I had played during Seewald's illness; and now that all danger was happily over, they had found it impossible to be very angry with me. I told them nothing at that time of the agreement between Seewald and myself, though I think they guessed that we had come to some sort of an understanding, and were not displeased at it, for they had both taken a strong liking to him during his stay in London.

I shall never forget my "first appearance on any stage," as it was announced in the programmes. The house was packed in every part, and the music-loving king and queen were in the royal box. I do not remember feeling any symptom of stage-fright, and it would have been strange if I had, for as I stepped upon the stage I was greeted by round upon round of applause, which, lasting some minutes, gave me time to collect myself, and made me feel that the audience were my friends from the very first. I do not suppose that opera-singers often enjoy their first appearances; but I thoroughly enjoyed mine. The music was beautiful, my part suited me exactly, the other singers were all doing their best to make the opera "go," and were ready to cover any little deficiency of mine; and the accompaniment of such an orchestra was a pleasure in itself. What wonder that I sang my best, and look back to that evening as one of the happiest of my life!

The applause was tremendous at the close of each act, and when at last the curtain fell and all was over, both composer and singers were called and recalled, till I began to think we should be kept in the theatre all night. There

was no doubt now about the success of "Guinevere," at any rate in Dresden, so that I was not surprised when the next morning Seewald, having learned that my own feelings were unchanged, came to ask my parents' consent to our engagement, which he had no difficulty in obtaining, for they already looked upon him as a son. "Guinevere" was repeated three or four times with unvarying success, and then the theatre closed for the summer holidays.

A few days later we were quietly married, early in the morning, with Tommie for sole bridesmaid, after which we started for the little mountain village in the Tyrol where we were to spend our honeymoon.

"And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Is not this the moral to all the "Once upon a time" tales told us in our childhood. Let me say nothing which can shake any one's faith in such a conclusion to all lovers' troubles. But then a Musical Romance must come to an end, for there can be nothing romantic in the lot of happy married people to any one but themselves.

Let the reader now imagine a tremolo scrimmage in the bass, both pedals tightly pressed down, then a few modulations in the treble, which at last resolve themselves into the chord of the key-note with a thump which effectually awakens even the soundest sleepers among the audience. Have not most Musical Romances the same Finale?

## Schubert's Symphonies.

THE two volumes recently published by the firm of Breitkopf u. Härtel, containing the scores of Schubert's symphonies, give one, for the first time, the opportunity of studying the development of the composer's genius in this most important department of musical literature. We are not unmindful of the performances of Schubert's symphonies at the Crystal Palace in chronological order some few years back, nor of the interesting historical and analytical remarks written at that time by Sir G. Grove; the works were certainly thus introduced to the notice of the musical public, but nothing less than the printed scores could satisfy the musical student.

Counting finished and unfinished symphonies, there are in all nine. Of these the Breitkopf edition gives eight, reserving for a supplemental volume the symphony in E major, of which there exists only a sketch (this sketch was filled in by Mr. J. F. Barnett, and the work thus finished performed at the Crystal Palace on May 5, 1883). Sir G. Grove, on the other hand, would have us speak of Schubert's ten symphonies; for he believes one written at Gastein to be missing. The number nine, however, has a special charm, for it naturally reminds us of the nine masterpieces of Beethoven. And not only in number does the one set remind us of the other.

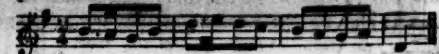
In both we can trace progress. The two composers studied and imitated Haydn and Mozart, and both gradually formed a style of their own. But while there are likenesses, there are also differences, and important ones. Schubert was a boy of sixteen when he produced his first symphony; Beethoven a man of thirty. Of course genius manifests itself earlier in some cases than in others; but Schubert, although he received lessons from Holzer, choir-master of Lichtenthal, and from his eldest brother

Ignaz, and although he greedily devoured all music he could lay hands on, did not build on so firm a foundation as Beethoven. The latter had studied with his father, with Pfeiffer, Neefe, Haydn, and Albrechtsberger, and had published many important works before his first symphony appeared. And then there was a difference in the circumstances under which each composed. Schubert wrote for himself, for his school-fellows, and for his friends: Beethoven for the Viennese public and for the world. The symphonies of the latter were all performed in public, and published during the composer's lifetime. Schubert wrote his first symphony in C for a birthday festival at the *Convict* school where he was studying; Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 were, very probably, not played at all during his lifetime, or, if so, only by small amateur orchestral societies; No. 6, it is true, was performed at a classical concert at Vienna, but Schubert never heard his two greatest—the B minor, and the one in C (No. 9).

It is not our intention to analyse these symphonies, or further to compare them with those of his great contemporary, but merely to attempt to show how valuable and interesting a record we possess of Schubert's progress in his art.

He began, as already stated, by studying and imitating Haydn and Mozart. Traces of their influence are to be found on many a page of his scores, and more especially on those of his first symphonies. The musical sentences with their smooth cadences, their natural succession of notes, often remind us of the father of the symphony.

Take, for example, the charming theme of the slow movement of the third symphony which opens thus—



or the theme from a later one (No. 6), commencing—

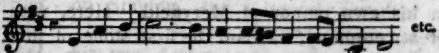


And how fond is he of ending a phrase with this or something very like it—



notes which recall many a passage in Haydn and Mozart.

He likewise borrows many a figure from these masters. Another Haydn touch is the light guitar-like accompaniment of the strings, with detached and at times *pizzicato* notes for the basses. It is known how fond Schubert was of Mozart's symphony in G minor. "One can hear the angels singing in it," he used to say. Well, they must have sung it frequently to him, for in Schubert we meet with much that reminds us of it—whether in modulation, figure, rhythm, or phrase; something not strong enough to be called a reminiscence, but quite strong enough to set us thinking of Mozart. The opening figure haunted him when he penned this phrase from the second subject of his first symphony—



It is, however, in the Menuet and Trio of his fifth symphony in B flat that Schubert shows how spellbound he was by Mozart. If his movements be compared with the similar ones in Mozart's symphony, the strong likeness cannot fail to be seen: the tonalities are the same, the rhythm of the minuets is alike, and Schubert opens with the very same notes as Mozart.

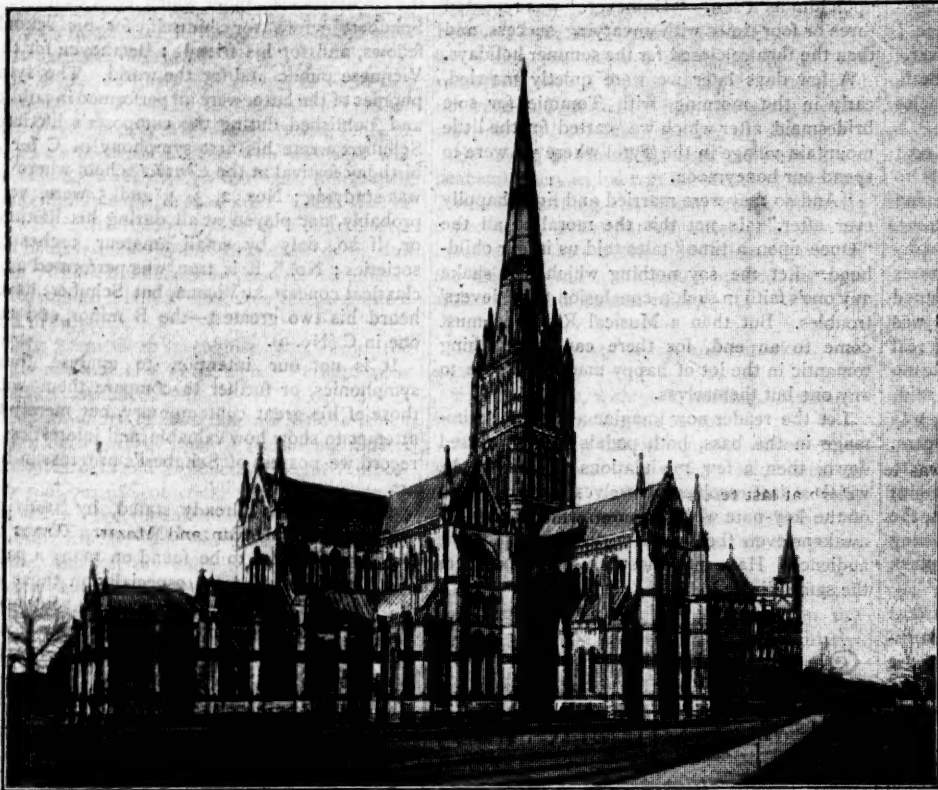


(To be continued.)



## The Cathedrals of England.

No. V.—SALISBURY.



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

As many days as in one year there be,  
 So many windows in this church you see.  
 As many marble pillars here appear  
 As there are hours through the fleeting year.  
 As many gates as moons one here does view,  
 Strange tale to tell, yet not more strange than true.

It has been remarked that Salisbury Cathedral holds the same high rank in English architecture which the Parthenon bears in the Grecian; and if this seems high praise indeed, yet few who regard the exquisite beauty of the exterior, and the admirable uniformity of design which pervades the whole structure, will feel disposed to deny its justice. Unlike so many of our English cathedrals, Salisbury stands clear of surrounding buildings, and her beauty is further enhanced by a setting of green lawns and trees.

It is unnecessary to do more than glance briefly at the early history of the see. The diocese of Sherborne, in which Wiltshire was included, was founded by King Ina in 705. In 1076, the see was transferred to the fortified town of Old Sarum, and in 1220 was removed by Bishop Poore to a more convenient situation in his own manor of Meryfield. Here, with great ceremony, was laid the first stone of that building which was to mark an epoch in English architecture, standing, as it does, unsurpassed as an example of the Early English pointed style.

In order to raise money for this great undertaking, the canons were sent on a begging mission, not only in their own, but in other dioceses. To such good purpose did they appeal to the farmers and country people, that the cathedral was popularly said to have been built upon wool-packs. The whole work, which occupied about forty years, cost £26,666. The spire, however, though believed to have been

part of the original design, was not built until the beginning of the fourteenth century. This is counted, and with reason, as one of Salisbury's chiefest glories, being the highest spire in England, and the third highest in the world. Its height, from the pavement, is 400 feet. In old days, it was the custom during the Whitsun fair for persons to risk their lives upon the outside of the spire, but of late years this dangerous practice has been forbidden by the dean and chapter.

The west front is exceedingly rich and striking in character, and, from its decorated style, is believed to have been the last portion of the building completed. The north porch, through which the nave is entered, is one of the finest of its kind in the kingdom, and is supposed to have served as a school in former days. The whole exterior of the cathedral is ornamented with niches, which originally contained life-sized statues to the number of over 200.

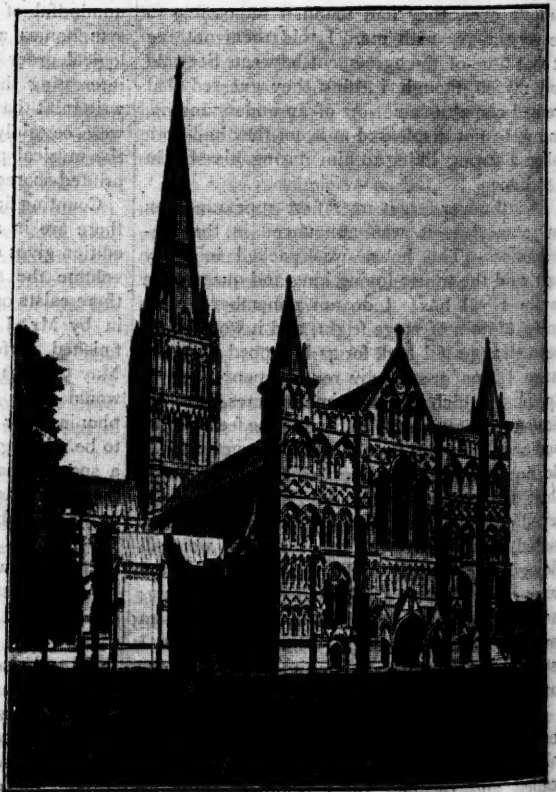
The nave is principally distinguished for its fine proportions and uniformity of design. Unfortunately, nearly all the old stained glass was destroyed, not, as might be supposed, at the Reformation, but rather at what might be called the "Deformation," which took place at the end of the eighteenth century,

when the cathedral was delivered into the hands of that "destroying angel" Wyatt, whose influence was all the more mischievous from the fact that the evil he wrought was done in the name of art and beauty. Among his many misdeeds was the removal of the old historic monuments from their original places, and the building them up again in rows on either side of the nave. As might have been expected, this eighteenth century Vandal got rather mixed during his operations, and, in consequence, many portions of the tombs "are ignorantly made up of fragments evidently belonging to totally different erections, and to distinct periods from those to which the sculptured figures they support are attributable." Wyatt even performed the difficult feat of "mislaying" a tomb, that of Bishop Beauchamp.

Among the most interesting of the monuments are three which were brought from the cathedral of Old Sarum, and which, with the exception of two in Westminster Abbey, are the oldest specimens of the kind in England. A fine and historic effigy is that of William Longspee, first Earl of Salisbury, and son of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond.

The choir underwent various "improvements" at the hands of Wyatt, who removed the reredos and the screen which stood at the entrance to the Lady Chapel. The Hungerford and Audley Chapels are the most striking features in the choir. The first is a rare specimen of early iron-work (date about 1429), which was removed from its original place in the nave in order to serve as a pew for the Radnor family. The latter, called Bishop Audley's Chantry, is a good example of late Perpendicular.

The north and south transepts both contain



WEST FRONT AND SPIRE, SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.



numerous tombs and monuments. In the former is a memorial to John Britton, who has been called "the father of modern archæology." The memorial was put up by the Society of British Architects in 1857, the year of Britton's death. In the south-east transept are memorial windows to the officers and men of the Wiltshire Regiment, who fell during the Sutlej campaign, and also in the Crimea.

The beautiful cloisters are of rather later date than the rest of the cathedral, and rank among the finest ornamental enclosures in England. In the east walk are a vestibule and double doorway, which give entrance to the splendid chapter-house, built, it is believed, about the middle of the thirteenth century. Both the chapter-house and its celebrated sculptures, which had received considerable damage during the Commonwealth, have been restored within late years. The sculptures on the arch of the vestibule represent a favourite mediæval subject, namely, the virtues trampling on the vices. Those in the chapter-house itself have been re-coloured in polychrome. The subjects represented are taken from Old Testament history, and are of great interest as specimens of early Gothic art.

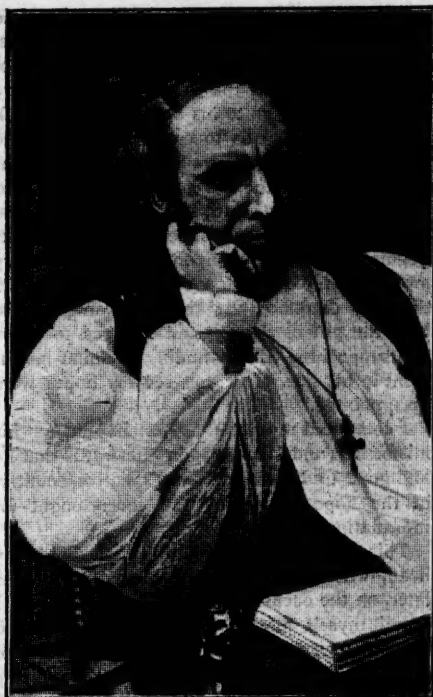
Above one walk of the cloisters is the library, which was built by Bishop Jewel in the sixteenth century, and provided with books by his successor, Bishop Gheast. It now contains about 5000 printed volumes, and 150 manuscripts. Among the most valuable are a manuscript of the Gregorian liturgy, a copy of the Magna Charta, supposed to have been given to William Longspee, one of the witnesses, and a beautiful printed copy of the famous Salisbury missal, dated 1527.

If Salisbury cannot boast of a long line of distinguished bishops, she may still point with pride to some three or four truly great men, who have played important parts in the history of our country and of our Church.

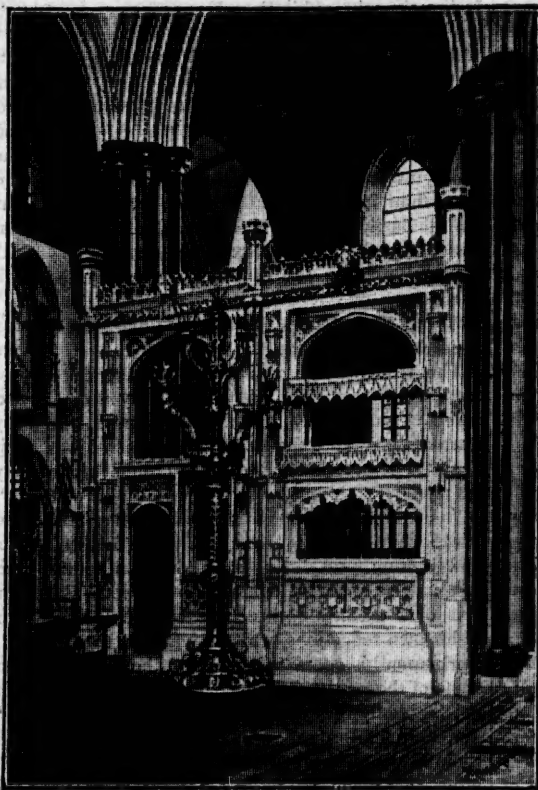
During the famous Council of Constance (1415-1417), Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, was the spokesman of the English, "the representative alike of their Church and of the insular character." Unfortunately for all hopes of a practical reformation of the clergy, and union of the Church under one head, Hallam died during the progress of the Council. As Milman says: "On his wisdom, on his resolute firmness, the Emperor had relied; his authority held together the Germans and the English. . . . Only a few days after his death the latter fell off to the Italian party." The Emperor Sigismund himself was present at Hallam's burial in the cathedral of Constance.

A century and a half later we come to another of Salisbury's greatest men, Bishop Jewel (1560-1571), the author of the famous *Apology of the Church of England*. He was the friend and disciple of Peter Martyr, into whose house at Strasburg he was received, when compelled to fly from England after the accession of Mary. As soon as Elizabeth came to the throne, Jewel returned to England, and two years later was appointed Bishop of Salisbury. His *Apology of the Church of England*, written at first in Latin, was soon translated into nearly every European language, and the English version was chained to the desk in most

English churches. He afterwards wrote a *Defence of the Apology*, and replied to the bull in which Pius IV. excommunicated Queen Elizabeth. As has been already stated, Bishop Jewel built the cathedral library, and we are further told



THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SALISBURY.



CHANTRY IN CHOIR, SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

that "his greatest care was to have ever with him in his house half-a-dozen or more poor lads which he brought up in learning." Fuller quaintly remarks: "A Jewel, sometimes taken for a precious stone, is properly a collection of many, set together to their best advantage. So several eminences met in this worthy man."

During the Civil War, Salisbury suffered less than most of her fellows, although the revenues were confiscated, the services discontinued, and the members of the cathedral body dispersed. Still, some attempt was made to keep the building in repair; for (workmen were often seen employed upon the fabric, but when asked by whom they were sent, replied, "Those who employ us will pay us; trouble not yourselves to inquire; whoever they are, they do not desire to have their names known.")

Bishop Seth Ward, who was translated from Exeter to Salisbury in 1667, made such repairs as were necessary, and restored the Bishop's Palace, which had fallen into ruin. His biographer, Dr. Pope, speaks in glowing terms of the state of the cathedral in Bishop Ward's time. "There," he cries, "might be heard excellent preaching, and divine service celebrated with exemplary piety, admirable decency, and celestial music."

Bishop Ward was succeeded in 1689 by the historic (in both senses of the word) Bishop Burnet, who is a too familiar figure, both from his own history and those of others, to need more than a cursory mention here. Macaulay has dashed off a living vignette of the brilliant Churchman, whom he sums up in the following words: "He was at once an historian, an antiquary, a theologian, a preacher, a pamphleteer, a debater, and an active political leader; and in every one of these characters made himself conspicuous among able competitors."

Among the former organists of Salisbury are numbered several musicians of note in their day, though none of them can be said to have attained celebrity. The best known in our own times is Michael Wise, whose anthems are still popular in most of our cathedrals. Wise, who was a Wiltshire man, was born in 1648, and became organist of Salisbury in 1668. In 1675 he was appointed a gentleman of the Chapel Royal, but was suspended in 1685, it is believed for political reasons. In 1687, while at Salisbury, he became involved in a quarrel with a watchman, and received a blow on the head which killed him. His finest anthems are, "Awake up, my glory," and "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

John Holmes, who was organist of Salisbury from 1602 to 1616, composed various madrigals, catches, and anthems. He contributed to the *Triumphs of Oriana* a madrigal called "Thus Bonny Boots the birthday celebrated."

The Corfes, father and son, were both good practical and theoretical musicians. The former, Joseph, who was born at Salisbury in 1740, held the post of organist from 1792 till 1804. He published a volume of cathedral music, a *Treatise on Singing*, and a useful *Treatise on Thorough Bass*. He was succeeded by his son Arthur, who had studied the pianoforte under Clementi. He also published several anthems and pianoforte pieces, and a *Treatise on The Principles of Harmony*. He died in 1863, at the age of ninety.

The present organ at Salisbury was built about ten years ago by Willis, and was then considered one of the finest in existence. It replaced one built by Green, and presented by George III., who visited Salisbury while the alterations were in progress, and said to Bishop Barrington, "I desire that you will accept a new organ for your cathedral, being my contribution as a Berkshire gentleman."



## A Tin Violin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ADOLPHE ADAM.

THERE are few instruments so various in name, shape, and material as the violin. From the lyre of Apollo, which in some old paintings is represented as a genuine violin, from the rebec of the Middle Ages down to the masterpieces of Amati or Stradivarius, what transformations have taken place in the appearance of this instrument! In spite of the sonorousness of our modern wind instruments, the violin has always maintained its position as king of the orchestra, and the basis of all symphonic combination. Many attempts have been made to add fulness to its tone, and there are few materials which have not been tried in its construction.

At the sale which took place after Séguin's death, I was surprised to see a quantity of curious violins, the invention of the deceased. They were made of cardboard, of stone, of every kind of wood, and if asphalt had then been invented, there would, no doubt, have been some of that material. Bows have before now been made of steel, and Séguin had not omitted to try some experiments with galvanized wire.

The shape of his violins was not more extraordinary than the materials; some were pierced with holes like a small stove, others were square like a mouse-trap; in short, they resembled anything rather than what they professed to be.

An Englishman, who was present with me at the sale, went into raptures at the sight of this grotesque museum, and, to my surprise, inquired of the auctioneer whether there was not at least one violin made of tin. Search proved useless, however; there was not a single instrument forthcoming manufactured out of this material. "It is very annoying," remarked the Englishman to me, "for if only I could have found one, it might have earned me a really splendid instrument."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Ah," said my friend, "thereby hangs the tale of another auction, that of Viotti, of whom I was a great admirer. I would have given worlds for one of the instruments which he had used, but, unfortunately, family affairs kept me at a distance from London, where the sale took place, and I did not learn till too late the date for which it had been fixed. I travelled day and night, but only arrived in time to see the last of the instruments being handed over to an amateur, who carried it off in triumph. It was in vain that I offered him double the price he had paid; he refused to yield up his treasure, and even had the impertinence to laugh at me. 'See,' he said, 'there still remains a violin more extraordinary than any of those which have yet been sold; you will have no difficulty in obtaining that.' So saying, he pointed to an odd-looking object which I had not before remarked. It was a tin violin!

"I held to my resolution of having one of Viotti's instruments, and I bought the tin fiddle for a few shillings, amid the laughter of the officials. My whilom antagonist then remarked,—

"There must be some strange reason for the preservation of this extraordinary instrument in the midst of such a splendid collection, and I am so curious to know it, that I would willingly give the violin I have just bought for the key to the mystery.'

"So be it," I said promptly. "It is a bargain. You will give me your violin when I have learnt the origin of mine. I shall visit the towns in which Viotti stayed, and make all possible inquiries, and perhaps I may be lucky enough to discover the mystery, and win the reward."

"The bargain was concluded. Since that time I have never ceased to pursue my investigations. I knew that Séguin had taken lessons of Viotti, and that, as the great artiste was very busy, he used to go to his house at five o'clock in the morning so as to catch him directly he got out of bed. As a proof of the intimacy that existed between the two men, I have been told that one morning Viotti, having complained to his servant that the coffee was badly made, Séguin took that office upon himself, and every morning prepared the violinist's breakfast. I thought, therefore, the tin violin might have been the gift of Séguin, and I hoped to prove this supposition true by finding a similar instrument in his sale. But you see my hopes were disappointed."

I comforted my friend as best I could for his misfortune, and I heard soon afterwards that he had gone to Piedmont, Viotti's native country, in the hope of finding the long-sought-for information.

This conversation had entirely gone out of my head, when one evening, about two months later, on the occasion of a dramatic banquet, I found myself placed by the side of my old schoolfellow, and present colleague, Ferdinand Langlé. No one who has heard Ferdinand sing one of his own pretty songs in the most out-of-tune voice ever possessed by a vaudevillist, could doubt for a moment that he was of musical origin, and in fact his father, who was an Italian, in spite of his French name, was one of the cleverest contrapuntists of the last century, and had the honour of being the master of Dalayrac.

On this occasion Ferdinand Langlé remarked that he had lately heard some musical anecdotes from his mother, which he thought might be of interest to me. As one is never more alone than in the midst of twenty persons who are all busily engaged in conversation, I suggested that he should take the present opportunity of relating one of the above-mentioned anecdotes.

"Well," said Langlé, "would you like to hear the story of a tin violin?"

The reader may imagine the interest which these words aroused in me. I instantly remembered Séguin's sale, and the Englishman who was vainly seeking the information which I was about to hear. I was all ears, as Langlé began his tale.

"One fine summer evening my father and Viotti went for a stroll in the Champs Elysées, and presently sat down on a bench under the trees. The night had closed in, and Viotti, who was of a dreamy nature, was soon immersed in his own reflections, while my father, then at work upon his opera 'Corisande,' thought over some of the motives of his composition.

"Suddenly they were both startled by a shrill and untuneful sound, which made them raise their heads, open their ears, and look at each other, as much as to say, 'What is that?' Viotti broke the silence by exclaiming,—

"It can't be a violin, and yet it resembles one."

"Nor a clarinet," said my father; "and yet it is not unlike."

"Naturally the best way of solving the mystery was to go to the spot from whence issued these discordant sounds. About a hundred paces distant a poor blind man was squatting on the ground. Viotti was the first to reach him.

"It is a violin," he cried, coming back, laughing. "But guess what it is made of—tin! I must have that instrument, and you must ask the blind man to sell it to me."

"Certainly," replied my father; and going up to the man,—

"My friend," he said, "will you sell your violin?"

"Why should I?" answered the blind man. "I should only have to buy another, and this one does very well; it is all I want."

"But you could buy a much better one with the price we would give you; and, before all, will you tell us why your violin is so different from other instruments?"

"Oh, you want to know why it is made of tin? Well, that is soon told. You must know, good gentlemen, that I was not always blind. Once upon a time I was a fine, gay young fellow, but when I grew old my sight became dim. I do not know how I should have lived if it had not been for my nephew Eustace. He is only a poor workman, who finds it hard enough to earn his own bread, but he took me home into his own house, and shared with me all that he had. There came a time, however, when work was scarce, and he could not earn enough to keep us both. "If only I had a violin," I said to him one day, "I might be able to bring home a few coppers every night, which would be a little help. I used to be able to fiddle a bit in my young days."

"Eustace said nothing at the time, but the next day I saw he was more cast down than usual, and at night, when he thought I was asleep, I heard him say to himself, "Oh, the old skinflint, to refuse me credit for six francs. All the same, my uncle shall have what he wants, or my name is not Eustace."

"At the end of a week the boy came to me in triumph, and said,—

"Here is a violin, uncle, and a good one; I made it myself. You need not be afraid of dropping it on the ground, for it will not break," and he gave me the violin which you see. You must know that Eustace works for a tinsmith, and his master had given him the cuttings and waste bits out of the workshop, with which to make the instrument. Then he had saved a little money to buy the strings, and the horse-hair for the bow. You may imagine how grateful I was to the poor boy, who had taken so much trouble for me, and Heaven has rewarded him. Every morning, when he goes to his work, he leads me to this spot, and in the evening he comes to fetch me home. Some days my earnings are by no means to be despised, and when he is out of work, it is I who pay for the housekeeping."

"Well," said Viotti, as the story came to an end, "I will give you twenty francs for your violin; you can buy a much better one for that sum. But just let me try this for a moment." And he took the fiddle out of the blind man's hands. Amused by the peculiarity of its tone, he tried several new effects, and did not notice that a numerous audience, attracted by the strange sounds, had gathered round him.

"When he ceased playing, a shower of coppers, among which even silver pieces were discernible, fell into the astonished old man's hat. Viotti was about to give him the twenty francs, when, 'Stop a moment,' said the beggar. 'Five minutes ago I would have let you have it for twenty francs, but then I had no idea what a good instrument it was; now I ask double.'

"In the face of this unintentional compliment, Viotti could not refuse to pay the extra price, and that without any haggling. He then passed through the crowd with his tin violin in his arms. Hardly had he gone twenty yards, however, when he felt himself pulled by the sleeve,



and looking up saw a young workman standing before him, hat in hand.

"Monsieur," said the latter, "I believe you have paid too much for that violin. It was I who made it, and if you care for such things I will furnish you with as many as you like at six francs a piece." Of course, the young man was Eustace, who had seen the conclusion of the bargain, and, doubting no longer his talent for violin-making, wished to continue the business which had already proved so successful. He was obliged to renounce the idea, however, for Viotti contented himself with the single specimen, for which he had paid so high a price."

"And what did Viotti do with his tin violin?" I inquired of Langle.

"He always kept it, and took it with him when he retired to England."

"My dear fellow," I said, "you have no idea what a service you have rendered to a friend of mine." And I told, in my turn, the story of Viotti's sale.

Since that time I have made every effort to discover the whereabouts of my Englishman, but hitherto the search has been in vain. As books find their way into all countries, however, it may be that this will fall under the eyes of my friend, and thus furnish him with the means of obtaining his long-desired prize.

## Mr. Manns' Benefit.

**A** BEAUTIFUL afternoon on Saturday, April 21st, added to the temptations of the Crystal Palace, on the occasion of Mr. Manns' Annual Benefit Concert, which was very well attended—indeed many were unable to obtain admission to the lower-priced seats in the concert-room. There were several attractions in the programme, but a hearty appreciation of conductor and orchestra was probably the principal feeling of the audience. His appearance was the signal for a burst of cheering, which continued for some time, and was repeated at the close of the concert. Handsome baskets of flowers, etc., were handed up to the conductor, who is, we hope and believe, well aware of the cordial esteem in which he is so deservedly held.

The concert commenced with Beethoven's "Coriolan" overture, which is well described in the programme as "a work of Roman grandeur and Roman conciseness, though containing also passages of pure noble beauty, amply sufficient to reveal the well-spring of grace and sweetness which was always playing beneath the stern exterior of the great composer." Reichardt has well said that the overture is a better representation of Beethoven himself than of the hero whose name it bears, and both here and in the Eroica Symphony he was unconsciously painting his own portrait. The close of the overture, like that of the Eroica, is most pathetic, —short, sobbing "staccato notes on the strings only, as soft as possible, preceded by fragments of the original themes, coming like inevitable death on the broken purposes of the hero, after all the labour and all the sweetness of life are over, is inexpressibly touching. How poetical (to touch for one moment on the details of the close) is the manner in which the fiery phrase of the original theme is made to falter and flutter, and fail, like a pulse in the last moments of life! Here Beethoven has carried his favourite practice of 'transforming' a theme to a most beautiful pitch."

The first singer was Madame Carlotta Recoschewicz, a *débutante* in England. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of considerable compass and power; but she needs to study, as Jenny Lind did so patiently, to blend the different registers of the voice in order to conceal any break, and avoid harsh changes of tone. The songs chosen by her were Meyerbeer's "Ah, mon fils"—which she sung in German—and two Lieder by Lassen and Peiser.

She was followed by M. Ernest Gillet, a cellist of great power and sweetness of tone. He played a well-known Nocturne by Chopin, and a Spinnlied by Popper. It was his first appearance at the Palace. As he retired there was quite a sensation of curiosity to see the next comer, who was no other than Herr Carl Formes, well known to some of us twenty years ago as a basso-profondo. The veteran is now seventy-two years old—criticism is therefore disarmed; and we may truly say that his voice is still marvellously strong. He sung "Pif-paf" from the "Huguenots" with wonderful fire. Herr Wessely gave a Ballad and Polonaise for violin by Vieuxtemps, with the orchestra. And then came another sensation, people standing up in their desire to see as well as hear a singer as near the outset of her career as Herr Formes is to the close of his. Nikita had not been heard at the Palace before, and her youthful figure, clad as usual in white, was greeted with prolonged cheering. At first her voice was not quite at home in that area, smaller, it is true, than the Albert Hall, but not so well adapted for singing. Nor is her Italian as good as her English pronunciation. Nevertheless her singing of "Deh vieni" was greatly applauded, and when recalled she gave the "Last Rose of Summer" with much sweetness and pathos. Her second song in the programme was the Jewel Song from "Faust," which was brilliantly and dramatically rendered, and as an encore she gave the Echo Song, wherein her wonderful skill and training are conspicuously shown. The phrases to be echoed are given out with great spirit, and the echo is faint and far, but marvellously distinct. She was of course enthusiastically applauded.

The next work was "The Ship o' the Fiend" ballad for orchestra, by Hamish MacCunn, the first time of performance at the Palace. It was first performed in London by Mr. Henschel, at the Symphony Concert of 21st February. The music is highly dramatic and nationalistic, and, as the work of a young composer, full of artistic power and ability.

After Madame Recoschewicz's second song, M. Gillet performed a paraphrase by Mr. Manns, for violoncello and orchestra, of Härtel's "Abendständchen," which was warmly received and beautifully played. "Pif-paf" and the Jewel Song, etc., followed, and then came what was to some the gem of the concert—Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, splendidly played by the admirable orchestra under Mr. Manns' direction.

A better performance has not been heard in London. The large portion of the audience who remained to the close of the concert assisted at another ovation to Mr. Manns and his orchestra, in which he himself took an animated part, clapping his hands vigorously. We may indeed congratulate both conductor and players on their relation to each other.

### SCOTCH SYMPHONY.

The programme analysis of this glorious work is so eloquent and so richly illustrative, that we cannot do better than give our readers some quotations:—

Mendelssohn made his first visit to Great Britain in 1829. After passing the musical season in London,

conducting his Symphony in C minor at the Philharmonic, and his Midsummer Night's Dream Overture at another concert, and playing Beethoven's Concerto in E flat—all three for the first time in this country; hearing debates in the House of Commons, going to an infinity of balls, and otherwise madly enjoying himself—after all this, he and his friend Klingemann started at the end of July for a six weeks' journey in the Highlands. He was then just twenty years old, in the rich springtime of his wonderful youth, the very soul of gaiety and activity, and of hearty, happy spirits. The tour comprised much of the finest scenery of the Highlands, from Staffa to Loch Tay, and from Edinburgh to Blair Athol; and much that was characteristic of the country, including the gathering of the clans at the last-named place. Of the impressions made by the journey, the Scotch Symphony and the beautiful Overture known as "The Hebrides," or "Fingal's Cave," are the two chief musical records. The abundant letters which he sent to his friends are other—though he himself would certainly have said not more detailed or definite—chronicles of his thoughts and feelings. The two great orchestral works just named form in themselves a whole gallery of Scottish pictures, in which the Pianoforte Fantasia in F sharp minor, Op. 28, originally entitled by its author, "Sonate écossaise," and probably also the Fantasia in A minor, Op. 16, No. 1, and the two-part song, "O wert thou in the cauld, cauld blast," may be minor works. Both Symphony and Overture were planned and begun during Mendelssohn's residence in Italy in 1831—that wonderful season of production, in which he conceived or matured no less than four of his greatest and most characteristic works, namely, the "Hebrides" Overture, the "Italian" and "Scotch" Symphonies, and the "Walpurgis Night." There is no doubt that the work was intended to record his Scotch reminiscences, for the name "Scotch Symphony" is his own; and though not attached to the score, it occurs in his published letters. His unpublished letters also supply the date of the first conception of the subject of the *Andante*, and the reason of the profound melancholy which pervades it, and tinges more or less the whole of that movement and of the *Allegro* which follows it. Writing to his family from Edinburgh, on the 30th July 1829, the day of the arrival of himself and Mr. Klingemann in Scotland, he says, "I think I have found the beginning of my Scotch Symphony," and he then goes on to describe his visit "in the deep twilight" of the summer evening to Queen Mary's Palace.

This work is so great and just a favourite, and overflows so much with the beauties and characteristics of its author, as to need no recommendation. The *Scherzo* in particular is one of the most spirited and glorious movements in existence, a truly wonderful compound of health and life, heath and moor, blowing wind, screaming eagles, bagpipes, fluttering tartans, and elastic steps of racing Highlanders, all rounded off and brought into one perfect picture with art, as consummate as any painter, poet, or musician probably ever possessed. Well may Schumann speak of it as "perfectly irresistible," and doubt whether a *Scherzo* more full of genius has been written in modern times. But it is needless to single out one portion where all alike is splendid, a monument not only of genius, but of that industry and loving care without which the highest genius can never produce its full effect on the world. Great as Mendelssohn's natural gifts were, perhaps no one ever worked harder, distrusted his own impressions more, or more carefully weighed the effect of every note he put down. And the result is before us. Here all is thoroughly finished and artistic from first to last. Nothing has been left to take care of itself, but everything has been returned to and elaborated; every instrument is thought of and brought forward in the best light, and every effect studied. How much better for music it would be had all composers been careful thus to present their ideas to the hearer in the best dress!

There are some other points in the *Scherzo* which are astonishingly humorous and picturesque; as, for instance, where the clarinet growls out the theme in its lowest tones; or the bit of bassoon solo, where the two subjects seem almost to be wrestling with each other; some passages where the phrase is tossed about between the cellos and other instruments; and



especially a place (immediately before the *réprise*) where, after it has begun quietly on the flute, the violins answer, first with the sudden B flat and then with a B natural *sfz*, and with all the effect of eagles screaming in the air; and lastly, the close, when with elastic steps, the mass of men march off, till their retreating footsteps die away in the distance.

The *Adagio* is full of passionate and refined beauty, and the finale is rich with varied ideas, —sometimes savagely wild, sometimes plaintive, but "at the close of the movement, after a long passage of the most furious and obstinate conflict, the strife calms gradually down, and the melody is once more heard in all and more than all its former native loveliness."

## Foreign Notes.

THE Wagner Theatre at Baireuth, the Theaterplatz, and the Allée leading to the town are all to be provided with electric light.

ON the occasion of the Musical Exhibition at Bologna, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde" will be performed for the first time in a foreign tongue.

FREDERIC LAMOND, the young Scotch pianist, has been attracting a good deal of attention by his concerts in Berlin. He is considered to show great promise both as executant and composer.

IT is proposed to merge the German and Czech theatres of Prague into one under Angelo Neumann's direction. The town authorities believe that by this plan better performances can be given at a lower price. The Czechs are, however, violently opposed to the project.

THE late Herr Kaps, of the well-known Kaps pianoforte factory, was accustomed every year to present a concert piano to the best pianoforte scholar at the Dresden Conservatoire. An anonymous benefactor has announced his intention of keeping up this custom. Mr. Percy Sherwood, a young Englishman, was the last scholar to obtain the prize.

AT a concert given at the Gewandhaus in Leipzig in memory of the German Emperor's death, the following works were performed: — Cherubini's Requiem, a new funeral march by Reinecke, two Chorales of Sebastian Bach's, and the last movement out of Schumann's E major Symphony.

A SCHUBERT museum is about to be founded in Vienna by the members of the Schubert Bund. The museum will be opened on Schubert's birthday, the 19th of November, when the Schubert Bund will also hold their twenty-fifth year's jubilee. Circulars are being sent to the best known among the composer's admirers, to request them to assist the undertaking by sending MSS., letters, critiques, programmes, drawings, etc.

THE museum of ancient instruments in Leipzig belonging to Herr Paul de Wit has been bought by the German Government. The instruments, 300 in number, were removed to Berlin in two huge furniture vans, and are exhibited at the Bau-Academie.

THE Stuttgart Musical Festival will take place at the end of June. Among the works to be performed are Handel's "Joshua," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," and Brahms' new Duo Concerto.

"LOHENGRIN" has recently been brought out for the second time at La Scala, and has met with an enthusiastic reception. Fifteen years ago, when the opera was first produced in Milan with an excellent cast, the performances had to be brought to an abrupt

conclusion in consequence of the pitched battles which took place between the adherents of the composer and his adversaries.

WEBER'S "Freischütz" has lately been performed for the first time in Dutch at the Park Theatre in Amsterdam.

GOLDMARK'S new symphony has lately been heard for the first time in Berlin. The great expectations which had been raised concerning this work appear in some measure to have been disappointed. The critics, while allowing that it is a thoroughly pleasing and meritorious piece of work, deny that it is distinguished by any great originality of conception.

CARL DAVIDOFF, the "Joachim of violoncellists," has lately been making a great sensation in Berlin, where he had not been heard for many years. According to the Berlin papers, it would be impossible to overrate the wonders of his tone, execution, and artistic style.

A TREASURE has been recovered for Germany in the shape of the famous "Manesse MS.," a collection of the songs of the Minnesingers, which was compiled in Switzerland by various hands. In the 17th century it became the property of the Heidelberg University, but during the Thirty Years' War the Heidelberg treasures were dispersed, and the MS. found its way to the Paris Bibliothèque. It has now been obtained by Herr Trübner, a Strassburg bookseller, in exchange for other MSS. of greater value to France. It is said that Herr Trübner intends to restore the precious MS. to the Heidelberg University.

A NEW star appears to have arisen in the operatic heaven, in the shape of a young soprano, Matilda Marcello, who lately made her *début* as Lucia in "Cremo." According to accounts received, Signora Marcello possesses a brilliant, sympathetic voice of extensive compass and great power, is a true *artiste*, displays marvellous execution, acts with spirit and passion, and is, moreover, gifted with unusual personal beauty. No wonder that this *rara avis* has, as the Milanese papers assert, aroused more enthusiasm than any other singer during the last quarter of a century.

ACCORDING to the *Guide Musical*, it is intended to produce "Parsifal" at the New York Opera-House next winter. This report can only be taken as a baseless rumour, since "Parsifal" has never yet been performed out of Baireuth, and probably will not be for many years to come.

RUBINSTEIN'S opera, "Sulamith," which is based upon the "Song of Solomon," is to be brought out at Berlin the end of this month. It will be given in concert form, and not, as at Hamburg, with stage accessories and costume. It would be interesting to compare this work, which is asserted to be one of Rubinstein's most successful creations, with MacKenzie's treatment of the same subject in the "Rose of Sharon."

DURING the first performance of Verdi's "Otello" at Brünn, the representative of Iago, Herr Fischer, fell upon his sword-hilt during the course of the second act, and severely injured his left arm. A surgeon was summoned, who bound up the arm, and Fischer, against the advice of his friends, insisted on singing the rest of his part, which he did in excellent style, and amid loud applause. It afterwards transpired that both bones of the forearm were broken, and it was found necessary to place the limb in plaster of Paris.

FRAU ANALIE JOACHIM, wife of the great violinist, who has long been well known as a concert-singer, has just returned to the stage, after twenty years' retirement. She made her reappearance at Hamburg as "Orpheus," which was formerly considered her

best part. She met with a friendly reception, but the critics remark that her middle and lower registers are much worn, and that her stage deportment smacks too much of the concert platform. Altogether her reappearance does not seem to have been so successful as that of Henrietta Sontag under similar circumstances.

SOME of the statistics of last year's performances at the Berlin Opera-House, which have just been published, may be of interest to English readers. In all 259 performances were given. Wagner stands well ahead as the composer whose works were performed the oftenest, 7 of his operas having been given 42 times. Next to him comes Nessler, who has been played 29 times; Lortzing, 22; Meyerbeer, 19; Verdi, 18; and Bizet, 18 times. Beethoven and Rossini stand side by side far down the list, the first having been honoured with 4 performances, the second with 3. Wagner cannot be said to have it all his own way, however, for the operas which were performed the oftenest during the year were Nessler's "Trömpeter von Säckingen," 29 times, and "Carmen" 18 times. The only actual novelty produced during the year was Rüfer's "Merlin."

ABOUT the end of April a performance was to be given in Berlin of the St. Luke Passion music, which till lately has always been ascribed to Bach. Although a MS. of the Passion music exists in Bach's handwriting, it is now considered very doubtful whether it was his own creation or not. In any case, the performance will be looked forward to with much interest by musical circles in Berlin.

AT the last practice-evening of the Dresden Tonkünstlerverein, the Lauterbach Quartet played a hitherto unknown and unpublished quartet of Cherubini's, a composition of great beauty, which, it is to be hoped, will not be allowed to remain any longer in obscurity.

RADICAL alterations are about to take place at the Pesti Opera-House. The female soloists are to be reduced from 21 to 12, the male from 22 to 15; 22 members will be dismissed from the chorus, and the *personnel* of the ballet will be reduced from 113 to 61.

AN interesting historical concert was given a short time ago by the Gesangverein of Breslau. The programme consisted entirely of Spanish Church music, dating from the 16th to the 19th century. Most of the composers are quite unknown in Germany even by name.

LISZT'S little-known Dante Symphony has lately been performed at a concert in Berlin. The critics place this work above all other modern symphonies, with the exception of those by Brahms, and reproach the Wagner and other musical societies with their neglect of Liszt's orchestral compositions.

THE publication of Wagner's drama, "Jesus of Nazareth," written in 1848, and intended to be acted, not sung, will, it is believed, put a weapon against him into the hands of his adversaries. Wagner's theological ideas are, as may be imagined, anything but orthodox.

COPENHAGEN is to have a Musical Festival in the summer, the works to be performed being restricted exclusively to Scandinavian composers.

MADAME SEMBRICH has gone for a time to San Remo, whence she will come to London to fulfil an engagement for two concerts in St. James's Hall.

M. ALEXANDRO PHILIPSON of Florence has offered two prizes of 300 and 150 francs respectively for the best classical concerto in four movements for two violins, viola, and violoncello.



## Accidentals.

"THE MAGDALEN VAGABONDS," a curious cognomen for a body of gentlemen, educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, have for one-and-twenty years been going about, like the Knight Templars of old, "doing good." In 1867 they sang for a charity at Eton, before the Queen. In 1872 they obtained £76 for St. Thomas's Hospital; in 1873, £150 at Dudley House, for Mrs. Gladstone's Orphanage. In the east, west, south, and midlands of England, they have earned about £3000 for various charities. Their last concert was held at Prince's Hall, on the 12th ult., in aid of a fund for a new organ in the church of St. Edburgha at Leigh, in Worcestershire. The music by which all this is effected has its own worth, apart from its gains. At the concert in question part-singing formed a principal feature, a branch of music in which we may well emulate the students of Germany.

Mr. COWEN'S "Ruth" was performed in Bath on Wednesday the 11th ult., by the Philharmonic Society of that city, which is under the direction of Mr. Albert Visetti; but on this occasion Mr. Cowen conducted his own work. The chorus numbered over 200 voices, well chosen and carefully trained; and the soloists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills. The oratorio was preceded by a setting of Psalm xxvi. by Mr. J. H. Anger, who won thereby the gold medal given by the Society for the best local composition.

Mr. ALFRED HOLLINS, the blind musician who is so well known at Sydenham, has been playing with great success in America to enthusiastic audiences. No one would ever imagine him deficient of one of the most important of the senses.

THE prospects of the Birmingham Musical Festival are not at present promising. Works by Dvorák and Dr. Mackenzie were expected to form the principal feature. But both have sought to be released from their engagements, from various motives. Mr. Goring Thomas also has failed the committee. Dr. Mackenzie, under these depressing circumstances, has promised to do what he can; and he is engaged upon a choral setting of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." However, the festival will commence on August 28, with "The Elijah," followed in the evening by a concert which will include Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," Haydn's Symphony in D, and some songs. On the 29th, Dr. Hubert Parry's "Holofernes" will be followed by Sullivan's "Golden Legend." In the evening a new piece by Mr. Goring Thomas, Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, Schumann's "Manfred" Overture, and a selection from the "Meistersinger." On the 30th, "The Messiah." In the evening a short cantata by Dr. Bridge of Westminster. Spohr's "Jessonda" Overture, Beethoven's fifth Symphony. On the 31st, Berlioz' "Messe des Morts," Bach's "Magnificat;" and Handel's "Saul" in the evening, will bring the Festival to a close. In Berlioz' "Messe des Morts" it is intended that the tremendous battery suggested by Berlioz, including the eight pairs of kettledrums, with drumsticks tipped with sponge, four Brobdignagian gongs, ten pairs of cymbals, and almost as many trumpets, trombones, and ophicleides as can be gathered from all parts of the land, will be brought into requisition, doubtless under the idea that those who cannot go to Birmingham ought to be able distinctly to hear the performance in London.

THE Ode by Dr. Mackenzie for the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition has been already published by Messrs. Novello. The words are by Mr. Robert Buchanan. It is entitled "The New Covenant," a strong religious feeling running through the poem.

THE receipts of Madame Patti's first South American concert amounted to £4400. One would

like to know how many persons the building held. Perhaps they passed in and out. At any rate, money appears to be freely parted with in Buenos Ayres.

TWO of our well-known concert-singers have lately been married: we are happy to observe that neither of them intends to desert the profession. Miss Mary Davies, indeed, does not even change her name. The titular chief songstress of Wales is now Mrs. Cadwaladr Davies, and more distinctively Welsh than ever. Her wedding was a very interesting affair, so numerous attended that the little church in Tolmers Square was filled to overflowing; and the crowds outside extended as far as the Hampstead Road. Many well-known artists were present. The service was partly in English and partly in Welsh. The music given during the ceremony comprised the bridal music from "Lohengrin," a wedding hymn in Welsh, the beautiful quartet from the "Woman of Samaria," "God is a Spirit," and, of course, Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The other bride was Miss Agnes Larkcom, now Mrs. Herbert Jacobs.

MUSIC has sustained a loss in the death of Mr. Walter Bache, the well-known pianist, and most devoted disciple of Liszt. His illness was sudden and short, consequent upon a chill caught in the bitter weather of the last days in March. Mr. Bache had not completed his 46th year, a Birmingham man, brother to Francis Edward Bache, who at thirteen years of age played the violin at a Birmingham Festival, under Mendelssohn. After his brother's death in 1858, Walter Bache went to Leipzig, where he studied under Plaidy, Moscheles, Hauptmann, and Richter. Among his fellow-students were Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. J. F. Barnett, Mr. Carl Rosa, and Mr. Franklin Taylor.

He met Liszt in Rome in 1862, and remained with his renowned master for three years, the affection between them being something quite uncommon. Mr. Bache was a very successful teacher of the pianoforte; but was principally known as the interpreter of Liszt's compositions.

THE enlargement of the organ in Gloucester Cathedral has been begun, the necessary subscriptions having been raised. The special musical services in the cathedral were a complete success.

MRS. HENSCHEL'S severe illness in St. Petersburg has interfered with all the professional engagements of herself and her husband; but we are glad to hear that she is recovering.

REFERRING to musical prodigies, says the *Telegraph*, we risked a prophecy that Otto Hegner, who has succeeded Josef Hofmann, would soon himself have a newer rival. The prediction is coming true sooner than it was reasonable to expect, for very shortly a Belgian girl, Julia Folville by name, will make her *début* in London as a "wonder child." How many more after Julia Folville? If this sort of thing goes on, the Chancellor of the Exchequer may see his way to help the revenue by putting on an import duty. As we raise no prodigies ourselves, no question of protection to native industry would be involved.

IT is worthy of remark that during young Hofmann's stay in America he played Mendelssohn's G minor concerto for the first time, having committed the work to memory, and otherwise mastered it, in six days. Amateurs who know what this feat involves, even when the student is an adult, may fitly exclaim, "Prodigious!" with far more energy than ever Dominic Sampson brought to bear upon the word.

BEFORE returning to Berlin, Madame Schumann and Dr. Joachim, Sig. Piatti, and others, dined at Madame Norman Neruda's, in company with the Princess of Wales and her daughters. The Princess is one of the chief patronesses of classical chamber music.

At the Hereford Festival of the Three Choirs, a new work by Mr. F. Cowen will be given, the "Song of Thanksgiving," specially written for the Melbourne Exhibition.

LITTLE Joseph Hofmann has returned from the United States, his ruddy cheeks, freshened by the sea air, wholly contradicting American reports of his severe illness. However, it has been thought advisable that he should have a few months' rest, and accordingly he started on Sunday for Berlin, and afterwards he will go to Eisenach, and subsequently probably to Carlsbad. He will return in the autumn to give pianoforte recitals in England. It seems that the reports which have been cabled across the Atlantic that Hofmann was to be paid £10,000 by a benevolent music-lover to retire for a time from the platform, are a mere snare. The alleged donor is now said to be a "crank"—or, otherwise, a person afflicted with a "bee in the bonnet"—and does not even possess the money which should be forthcoming.

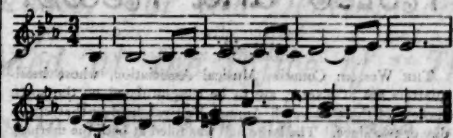
ANTONIN DVORÁK'S Symphony in F, written in 1875, if not before, was recently produced for the first time in this country at the Crystal Palace. Its somewhat romantic history was not stated in the analytical programme. At the time when it was designed, Dvorák was a struggling and well-nigh friendless beginner. He had given up an ill-paid position as one of the violinists of the Bohemian Opera-House at Prague, and was trying to live upon about £15 a year, the salary of his post of organist at the Adalbert Church, and a few pounds more gained by teaching. Moreover, he had recently married a wife, and was, in bitterly practical fashion, testing the question whether two (and a little child) could really live as cheaply as one. After many disappointments he for this very Symphony in F (really his first symphony), at length gained a grant from the Austrian Government of £35—an "artist's stipend," as it was called, given to assist struggling musicians. The £35 decided his fate, and he determined to be a composer. His troubles were, it is true, not even then over, for in the following year his colossal "Stabat Mater," which is now generally allowed to be one of the finest of modern compositions, and the recognition of which was first due to London, was ignominiously rejected by Austrian bureaucracy as utterly unworthy of pecuniary encouragement at all; and it was not until two years later, when Herbeck discovered his talent and introduced him to Brahms, who recommended him to his first publisher, that Dvorák's future was tolerably assured. The Symphony in F, therefore, has some sort of historical as well as purely musical interest. In the work itself, Dvorák's style is by no means thoroughly formed. In the first two movements he hovers between Germanism and Nationalism, and the result is a curious *mélange*. But in the *scherzo* he shows himself a true Czech, and still more so in the *finale*, which is as unconventional a piece of workmanship as could possibly be desired.

## Reviews.

### NEW MUSIC.

*Nikita Waltz.* By M. Le Roy. Published at the office of the *Magazine of Music*.

This waltz has been played with great success at the principal theatres in Germany during Nikita's tour, and we fully expect it to become the waltz of the season. It is a long time since we have seen any waltz which possesses so much freshness of melodic charm. The airs are decidedly catching; they fix themselves on the memory, and keep on humming, as it were, in the mind. We reproduce as a specimen the first few bars of the opening number—





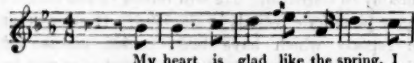
and it will be found that the rest of the waltz is equally sprightly and equally melodious.

The waltz is decidedly danceable, the rhythm being well marked. In fact, there is one part in the fourth number which can hardly be played without bringing to our minds the swish of the ladies' dresses as they whirl round in the mazes of the waltz.

The waltz affords plenty of scope for spirited playing, but contains no difficulties of execution.

Three of the numbers contain an *ad libitum* song, with suitable words both in English and French.

*I know not why.* Song by M. Le Roy. Published at the office of the *Magazine of Music*.



My heart is glad like the spring, I



know not why, I know not why.

This song is a little gem. Perhaps if you were asked wherein its peculiar charm consists, you might have to say, "I know not why." But, all the same, this peculiar charm is felt, although it cannot well be expressed.

One characteristic of this song is the essential unity of the music and the words. In fact, both fit each other like the glove and the hand. The words are dainty and tripping, and the musical framework in which they are set is neat and elegant. The song is one of spring, and its bubbling buoyancy and piquant delicacy are such as befit the joyous season in which a young man's fancy lightly turns on thoughts of love.

The song was composed by M. Le Roy expressly for his pupil, Mademoiselle Nikita, and was sung by her on Easter Monday at the Albert Hall, where it was received with every mark of popular favour.

We may add that both song and waltz are embellished with portraits of the young prima donna.

THREE Cantatas for children, written and composed for the Keighley Schools, by Myles Birket Fonter.

WEEKES & Co.

1. Beauty and the Beast.
2. Lamp Black.
3. Cinderella.

These little Cantatas are remarkably fresh and pleasing; there is nothing commonplace about them. We might indeed have thought the music too original and thoughtful for children to perform; but it appears that "hundreds of young children, in Yorkshire and Wiltshire," have performed them "with unvarying success." We are delighted to hear it, and recommend them most cordially to our readers. They require a good accompanist.

THOSE of our readers who desire new organ music will find a bright composition in Mr. Ferris Tozer's "Marche de Fête," published by John Guest, of 26 Ivy Lane.

NOVELLO & EWER publish a part-song by the same composer (price 3d.), which is remarkably harmonious and flowing in style, and very pleasant to sing, entitled "The Flight of Summer."

"BELLS across the Snow" is the title of a pretty and easy song by Carl Willoughby, written to suit all voices, in F, G, A, and B flat. The compass of the song is just over an octave—in the lowest key, from C to D; in the highest, from F to G.

THE *Edradour Waltz* by H. Dawnay. The cover is very strikingly got up, in bold white letters, etc., on a chocolate ground, with the royal arms handsomely introduced in white outlines. The music is one of the song-like waltzes of the day; with marked rhythm, very good for waltzing, but not particularly original. It is published by Paterson & Sons, Edinburgh.

## Notes and News.

THE Western Counties Musical Association, whose headquarters are at Exeter, are to be congratulated on the great success of their Eleventh Annual Festival, held in that city a day or two since. The large hall was filled at both the morning

and evening concerts, so that, financially, the proceeds were very gratifying; whilst, musically, the result was equally satisfactory. Taken altogether, the Festival was probably the greatest of all the previous successes. At the morning concert the programme comprised the oratorio of "The Ascension," by Dr. H. J. Edwards of Barnstaple, Devon (conducted by the composer himself); and Mendelssohn's "Athalie" (conducted by Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., conductor of the Association). The band and chorus numbered over 350, made up from the branches in Devon and Somerset. The soloists were Miss Anna Williams and Miss Annie Roberts, soprano; Madame Marian M'Kenzie and Miss Emily Squire, contralto; Mr. Lionel Kilby, tenor; and Mr. Dan Price. And the way in which all—choir and orchestra included—acquired themselves was such as to give great satisfaction to the composer of the oratorio. The audience, too, were so well pleased that (temporarily forgetting the nature of the work) they could not resist the temptation of redemanding two of the most charming of the vocal numbers,—a contralto solo by Madame M'Kenzie, and an accompanied quartette. A capital performance of "Athalie" followed the oratorio. It should be added that the orchestra was led with his usual skill by the well-known west country veteran musician, Mr. Michael G. Rice; the organ was in charge of Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe. In the evening there was a still larger audience. The programme was made up of concerted pieces, songs, instrumental solos, and included Dr. V. Stanford's cantata, "The Revenge."

\*\*\*

A MOST successful concert was given in the Edgbaston Vestry Hall, Birmingham, on the evening of the 13th April, in aid of St. Margaret's (Ladywood) Parochial Relief Fund. The whole of the arrangements were kindly undertaken by Mrs. Hale, whose musical reputation is so well known throughout Birmingham and its neighbourhood. The following ladies and gentlemen very kindly gave their services—Miss Carrie Rawlings, Miss Annie Goodman, Miss Alice Simpson, Mr. G. T. Edwards, Mr. J. W. Smith, Mr. G. A. Shread, and Mr. G. Spittle; solo pianoforte, Mrs. Hale and Miss W. J. Smith; solo violin, Herr H. Suck; solo violoncello, Mr. W. Haywood. The programme included, among other selections, song, "The Wood," Wekerlin, sung with great charm and refinement by Miss Carrie Rawlings; solo pianoforte polonaise in C, No. 1, Op. 3, Chopin, played by Mrs. Hale in a manner that showed all her friends she was in her happiest vein. In Cowen's beautiful sacred song, "Light in Darkness," and in the duet, "The Sailor Sighs," with Mr. G. A. Shread, the full rich tone of Miss Simpson's voice, and her clear enunciation of the words, were heard to great advantage. Where all was so good, it might be deemed invidious to single out any special effort; but we cannot refrain from mentioning the exquisite rendering by Miss Annie Goodman of Macfarren's "Pack Clouds away," which was just suited to her pure, fresh voice, and roused the enthusiasm of the audience to a pitch which must have been equally gratifying to her teacher and herself. Herr Suck's rendering of Spohr's "Barcarolle" was remarkably able, and he was not less happy in his masterly interpretation of Alard's "Valse de Concert." Mention must also be made of Weist Hill's "Slumber Song," which was played with a beautiful tone and expression by Mr. Haywood, and was thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Miss M. J. Smith's playing of Liszt's "Paraphrase sur Rigoletto" was such as to make us hope we shall hear more of this young lady in the future. Grieg's sonata in F, Op. 8, as performed by Mrs. Hale and Herr Suck, was a real treat, while the two movements from Gade's trio in G, and Haydn's trio, No. 1, in G major, were most exquisitely rendered by Mrs. Hale, Herr H. Suck, and Mr. W. Haywood, and secured well-merited applause. The beauty of the music was greatly enhanced by the fine tone of the Bechstein's grand piano which was used on this occasion.

\*\*\*

WE have received from Messrs. Mackenzie and Thomson, of Paisley, two programmes of concerts given by them, one in October last, and the other in April. We give them *in extenso*.

### I. PROGRAMME.

1. Trio (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello), "Novelletten," Gade, (a) Allegro, (b) Andante, (c) Moderato, (d) Larghetto con moto, (e) Allegro.
2. Song, "The Little Walf," Odoardo Barri (Piano and Harmonium accompaniments, with 'Cello obbligato).
3. Grand Duet (Piano and Violin), Sonata, Op. 45, Mendelssohn. (a) Allegro vivace, (b) Andante, (c) Allegro assai.
4. Duet (Piano and Harmonium), Overture, "William Tell," Rossini.
5. Violoncello Solo, "Prayer," A. M'Kenzie.
6. Recitative and Aria, "Softly Sighs" (Der Freischütz), Weber.
7. Trio (Piano, Violin, and Harmonium), "Andante Religieux," Audibert.
8. Pianoforte Solo, Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, Beethoven. (a) Menuetto, (b) Presto con fuoco.
9. Trio (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello), No. 18 in C, Haydn. (a) Adagio pastorale, (b) Vivace assai, (c) Andante molto, (d) Presto.

### II. PROGRAMME.

1. Quartet (Piano, Violin, 'Cello, and Organ), Overture, "Commedietta," Gurliitt.
2. Trio (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello), Op. 42, Gade. (a) Allegro Animato, (b) Allegro molto vivace, (c) Andantino, (d) Allegro con fuoco.
3. Cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime" (Robert le Diable), Meyerbeer.
4. Violoncello Solo, (a) "Romance," (b) "Tarantelle," Goltermann.
5. Trio (Piano, Violin, and Organ), "Andante con variazioni" (from Septuor), Beethoven.

6. Pianoforte Solo, (a) "Barcarole," Rubinstein, (b) "Grand Valse," Op. 20, Schullhoff.

7. Quartet (Piano, Violin, 'Cello, and Organ), "Entr'acte" (King Manfred), Reinecke.

8. Song, "My heart ever faithful," Bach (Violoncello Obligato).

9. Violin Solo, (a) "Cavatina," Raff, (b) "Ronde Champêtre," Papini.

10. Trio (Piano, Violin, and 'Cello), "Allegro" (from Op. 49), Mendelssohn.

11. Violin Duet, "Two Little Comrades," Langey.

12. Duet (Piano and Organ), Overture, "William Tell," Rossini. (By Request.)

The performers were the same on both occasions, namely, Messrs. J. P. Thomson, M. Mackenzie, A. Mackenzie, Mrs. W. H. Gibson, and Miss M. W. Thomson.

We are pleased thus to record earnest efforts in the cause of real music. No charge was made for admission, but a collection was made to defray expenses.

\*\*\*

ANOTHER excellent programme comes from New Romney in Kent. The performers were mostly local, the organist being Mr. H. Stewart. The programme drew a good congregation and collection.

\*\*\*

A RECITAL of Sacred Music was given in the Parish Church of St. Nicolas, on Wednesday, April 4th, 1888.

### PROGRAMME.

- Organ Solo, "Crusader's March," Churchill Sibley  
 Quartet, "O Saviour of the world," Goss.  
 Solo, "Jerusalem," St. Paul: Mendelssohn.  
 Solo, "Total Eclipse," Samson: Handel.  
 Trio, "Lift thine eyes," Elijah: Mendelssohn.  
 Solo, "When I survey the wondrous Cross," Christ and His Soldiers: Farmer.  
 Solo, "The King of Love my Shepherd is," Gounod.  
 Solo, Chorus, and Quartet, "And He that sitteth on the Throne," Pearson.  
 Solo, "Peace," Davis.  
 Duet, "Love divine! all love excelling," Daughter of Jairus: Stainer.  
 Solo, "O, rest in the Lord," Elijah: Mendelssohn.  
 Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord," Lobgesang: Mendelssohn.  
 Trio, "When the Son of Man," Kent.  
 Solo and Chorus, "Nazareth," Gounod.  
 Recitative and Air, "Ye people, rend your hearts," "If with all your hearts," Elijah: Mendelssohn.  
 Solo and Quartet, "Sweet is Thy mercy," Barnby.  
 Organ Solo, "Fantasie," Dr. Volckmar.  
 Chorus, Recitative, and Duet, "Blessed be the God and Father," Wesley.

\*\*\*

THE Lord Mayor will take the chair at the dinner to be given at St. James's Hall on May 8, to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Society of Musicians.

\*\*\*

IT has been decided that next autumn the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth shall be limited to performances of "Parsifal" and "The Meistersinger."

\*\*\*

VERDI'S "Otello" was announced for the first time in New York by the Campanini troupe on Friday last week. After five performances, the work was to be taken on tour through the States.

\*\*\*

THE death is announced of Mr. Henry Collard, who twenty years ago or thereabouts was known as "The Pocket Sims Reeves."

\*\*\*

MR. AMBROSE AUSTIN, after thirty years at St. James's Hall, is about to retire from the position of management. A testimonial concert is accordingly being organized, and among those who have promised to appear on June 13, are Messdames Albani, Valleria, Patey, Sterling, and Trebelli, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lloyd, Maybrick, Santley, Cusins, and Richter.

\*\*\*

NEXT June Madame Albani will sing for the fifth time at the Handel Festival, Madame Valleria for the third time, Madame Patey for the seventh, Madame Trebelli for the sixth, and Mr. Santley (the *deyen* of the Festival) for the ninth time. As these Festivals have (save on one occasion) been triennial, the appearances of the various artists necessarily extend over a large series of years, and the facts prove at any rate that the British public are faithful to their old favourites.

\*\*\*

DR. VON BÜLOW has, after all, declined to conduct at the Philharmonic concerts.

\*\*\*

DR. JOACHIM delayed his return to Berlin in order to play the violin at Sir Frederick Leighton's reception on Good Friday.

\*\*\*

THE new Royal College of Music will, it is said, be built on the site of the Conservatory which adjoins the Royal Albert Hall, and will be separated by a broad roadway from the new Imperial Institute.

Trade orders for the "Magazine of Music" to be sent to Messrs. Kent & Co., 23 Paternoster Row. Subscriptions to "Magazine of Music," Abinger House, 138 Dalgell Road, Brixton, London. Advertisements to Business Manager, "Magazine of Music" Office, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor, Arran, 4 Herbert Road, Stockwell, London, S.W.



# MAURICE STRAKOSCH'S

*Vienna Feb. 2. 1888.*



*Mr. Le Roy,  
Paris.*

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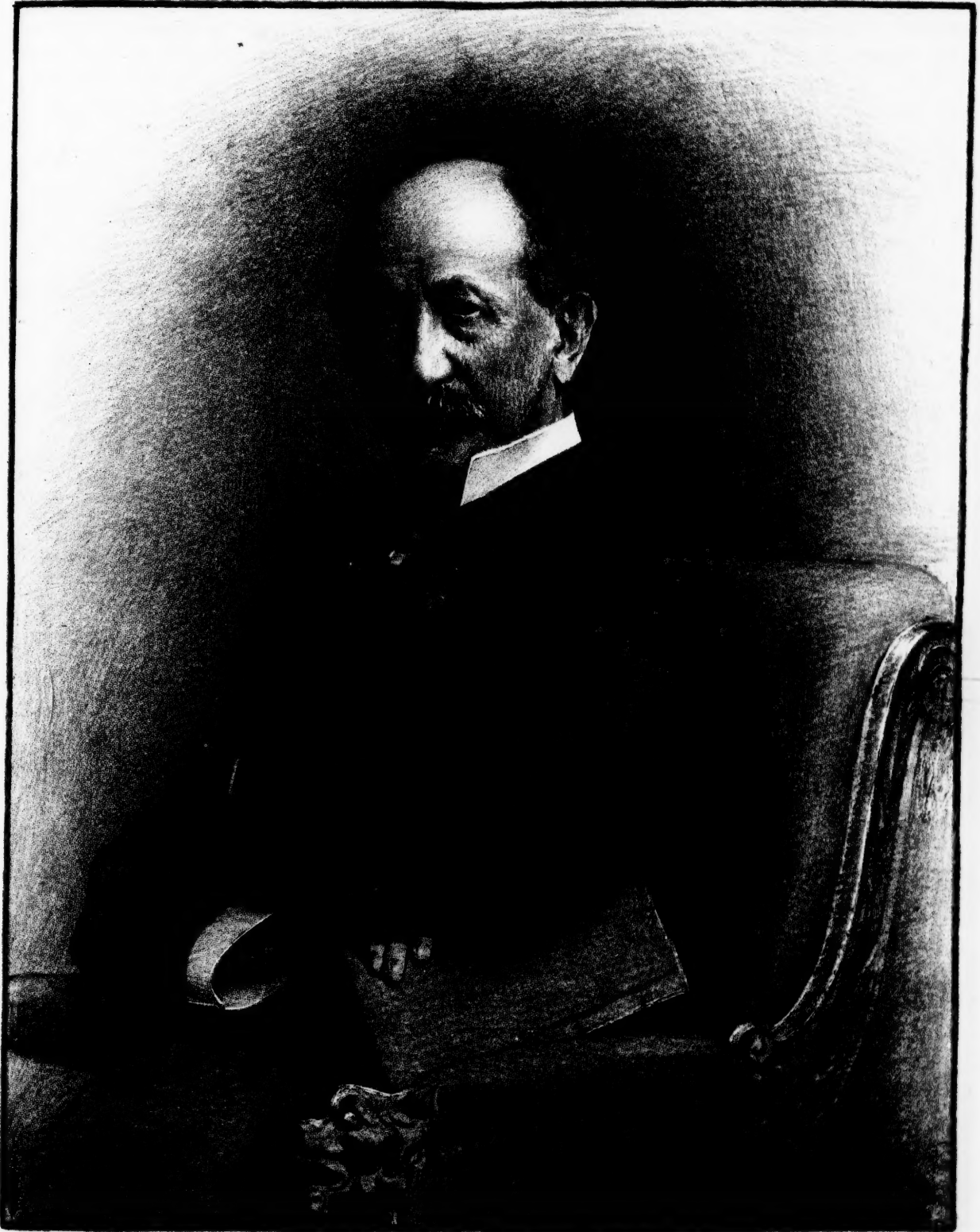
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*Maurice Strakosch*





PIAN



# BAGATELLE

Andante grazioso quasi Allegretto. M.M. ♩ = 80. BEETHOVEN. OP. 33.

PIANO. *p*



First system of musical notation. Treble clef, key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music begins with a first ending bracket labeled '2.'. The dynamic marking *pp* is present. The bass line features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef continues with melodic lines, including a *cres.* marking and several *sf* (sforzando) accents. The bass line continues with eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef features a rapid sixteenth-note passage, marked with a *p* dynamic. The bass line is mostly silent.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef continues with the sixteenth-note passage, marked with *cres.* and *sf p*. The bass line begins to play again with eighth notes.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a triplet of sixteenth notes, marked with a *cres.* dynamic. The bass line continues with eighth-note accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a triplet of sixteenth notes, marked with a *sf* dynamic. The bass line continues with eighth-note accompaniment.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff features a series of chords and arpeggiated figures, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic and ending with a crescendo (*cres.*). The lower staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff includes dynamic markings of *f*, *p*, *sf*, and *p*, and concludes with a *dolce.* marking. It features complex arpeggiated patterns with fingerings 5, 6, and 7. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff contains triplet markings (*3*) and a *cres.* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff features a series of triplet markings (*3*) and a *cres.* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff features a series of triplet markings (*3*) and a *cres.* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff features a series of triplet markings (*3*) and a *cres.* marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment.



# WITHIN THE HOLY TEMPLE.

Andante. (♩ = 66.)

GEORGES BIZET.

NADIR. *p*

*Au fond du tem - ple saint pa - ré de fleurs et*  
*With - in the ho - ly tem - ple be - deck'd with flow'rs and*

*ppp una corda*

*d'or U - ne femme ap - pa - rait.... Je crois la voir en.*  
*gold A wo - - man ap - pears Me thinks I see her*

ZURGA.

*U - ne femme ap - pa - rait*  
*A wo - man ap - pears*

*- cor*  
*still*

*Je crois la voir en - cor.....*  
*Me thinks I see her still.....*

*pp*

NADIR.

*La fou - le pros - ter - né - e*  
The crowd... up-on their knees

*Lu re - garde... é - ton -*  
Gaze with won - der

*- né - e*  
strick - en

*Et mur - mu - re tout bas*  
And they mur - mur in awe

*Vo - yez*  
Behold

*c'est la dé - es - se*  
it is the god - dess

*Qui dans l'om - bre se*  
Who in sha - dow is

*dres - se Et vers nous tend les bras...*  
stand - ing, And to us hold out her arms...

ZURGA.

*Son*  
Her



*cresc. poco a poco*

*cresc.*

roi - le se sou - lè ve O vi - si - on ò  
veil is now up - lift - ed O oh dream o

re - ve! La fou - le est à ge -  
vi - sion The crowd kneel on the

NADIR. *p*

Oui, c'est el - le c'est la dé - es - se plus char -  
Yes be - hold her, yes 'tis the god - dess yet more

nour ground Oui, c'est el - le c'est la dé - es - se plus char -  
Yes be - hold her, yes 'tis the god - dess yet more

mante..... et plus bel - le, Oui, c'est el - le c'est la dé -  
fair and yet more live - ly, Yes be - hold her, yes 'tis the

mante et plus bel - le, Oui, c'est el - le c'est la dé -  
fair and yet more live - ly, Yes be - hold her, yes 'tis the

*cresc.*  
 es - se qui... des - cend... par - mi  
 god - dess who... de - scends... a - - - midst

es - se qui who des - cend... par - mi  
 god - dess who de - scends... a - - - midst

*cre - scen - do*

*p* nous Son voi - le se sou - lè - ve Et la  
 us See her veil is now up - lift - ed And the

*p* nous Son See her voi - le se sou - lè - ve Et la  
 us See her veil is now up - lift - ed And the

*p* *cresc*

*f* foule est... à ge - noux...  
 crowd are on their knees...

*f* foule est à ge - noux...  
 crowd are on their knees...

*f* *ff*

*f*



# GEMS FOR THE HARMONIUM.

ADAGIO.

RINK.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The treble staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The bass staff starts with a half note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, and then a half note B2. A dynamic marking of *mf* is placed above the first measure. A *cres.* marking is placed above the second measure. The system concludes with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

The second system continues the piece. The treble staff features a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. The system ends with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

The third system shows the treble staff with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. A *cres.* marking is placed above the second measure. The system ends with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

The fourth system continues with the treble staff having a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. A *p* marking is placed above the first measure, and a *cres.* marking is placed above the second measure. The system ends with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

The fifth system shows the treble staff with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. A *p* marking is placed above the first measure, and a *cres.* marking is placed above the second measure. The system ends with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

The sixth system concludes the piece. The treble staff has a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note B4. The bass staff has a half note G2, a quarter note A2, and a half note B2. A *dim.* marking is placed above the first measure, and a *p* marking is placed above the second measure. The system ends with a fermata over a half note G4 in the treble staff and a half note G2 in the bass staff.

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# To Our Readers

We print a very pleasant & encouraging letter received from Mr. Henry O'Dwyer, Leeds. This gentleman has manifested his sympathy with our efforts to advance the cause of Music in a practical manner. We append a few of subscription for our readers which is worth their attention - If each of our readers will bring the Magazine before their friends, and thus purchase three copies monthly instead of one, it will go far towards helping the "Magazine of Music" to become "a household word".

The Editor

THE EDITOR,

"Magazine of Music,"  
LONDON.

May 10th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Many are bidden to the feast, but few accept. I have written to several friends about the Magazine, but, with a unanimity which is little short of marvellous, they begin to make excuse.

The eyesight of one is too bad to admit of reading "the small print." Another one, musical herself, has a husband who is not similarly inclined, and who therefore objects, dog-in-the-manger-like, to his better half cultivating that cheerful spirit of harmony, with which he cannot sympathise. These good people all seem to imagine that I must be wanting to get some advantage out of them, instead of the advantage being all the other way.

However, all are not so worldly minded, and I have prevailed on three more music-loving souls to throw in their little mite towards helping you in your noble and unselfish work.

In the meantime, be of good courage; slowly but surely you are certain to succeed. And in any case, you have the satisfaction—and what a GRAND feeling it must be—of knowing that you are every month bringing joy and gladness, and ever-increasing interest, to thousands of busy people, to whom Music, and everything relating to it, affords a delightful rest and recreation after the toils and worries of business.

That it may go on and prosper, until the name "Magazine of Music" becomes, what it deserves to be—a household word—is the heartiest wish of  
Yours very sincerely,  
HY. E. O'DWYER.

P.S.—Enclosed is cheque for 16s. 6d., in return for which, please send me the back Nos. of the Magazine from January 1st to date, for three copies each month, and then send me the other copies as they become due. I only wish I could devise some plan by which the great number of music-loving people in this district could be interested in the Magazine.

We hope Mr. HENRY O'DWYER'S spirited example will be largely imitated. We know of no better plan for extending the circulation of the Magazine.—ED.

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